The Nation.

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...TORIAL

TAX CUT FOR THE RICH

Sometime just before Halloween, if all goes according to plan, Congress will pass the tax reform act of 1986. There will be some cheers from the 6 million working-poor families who will be taken off the tax rolls, and from tax activists who have long worked to abolish the tax shelters that the new law will effectively close. But the loudest noise heard in America that day will be the sound of champagne corks popping in the salons of the wealthy, who will be getting the biggest tax break of their lives.

The essence of the tax reform plan was first outlined a decade ago by Treasury Secretary William Simon. It has been supported by the corporate wing of the Democratic Party and by Republicans, and now is supposed to stand as a monument to the Reagan presidency. It has been called populist, progressive and other virtuous names, but its heart has always been the reduction of brackets for the richest Americans. Any plan that taxes the person who earns $50,000 at 28 percent and the one who earns $500,000 at 33 percent cannot be called terribly populist.

As the Halloween holiday approaches, some economists predict, the economy will most probably be sliding more deeply into the next recession. If that's the case, the tax reform bill as written is just what the economic doctors would not order. Its vaunted "transfer" of some of the tax burden now borne by individuals to corporations is bound to produce higher prices, pressures on wages and benefits and stagnant investment. What some lower-income citizens will gain from the progressive parts of the act will be lost in its general consequences for the economy, and the net effect will be greater inequity.

The Reagan rich have been having quite a party for five years, and the tax plan is meant to be the fondest favor at the bash. But it could turn out to be the biggest booby prize.

STEEL STANDOFF
David Bensman

THE HUSSEIN-ARAFAT RIFT
Stanley Reed

THE LEAP COALITION
Bruce Shapiro

THE BOOK OF NATURE
Alicia Ostriker

MUSIC FESTIVALS—I
Edward W. Said

SUMMERFARE
Moira Hodgson

ARYAN WORLD CONGRESS

AMERICA'S DOWN-HOME RACISTS

ERIC SCIGLIANO

Hayden Lake, Idaho

They may be the home-grown revolutionaries, even terrorists, of the 1980s. Occasionally they have erupted in startling violence—as when the self-appointed holy commandos of the Order went on a yearlong robbery and murder spree across the Northwest. But when Aryan Nationalists, neo-Nazis, Ku Klux Klansmen and others on the farthest right gather, they schmooze and catch up on old friendships and new developments just like any other conventioneers. Thus they assembled from July 11 through 13 for the Aryan World Congress at Pastor Richard Butler's rural church compound near here. But these conferees had another, more serious purpose: to merge their various movements, sects and clubs in a common white separatist revolution.

Pastor Robert E. Miles of the Mountain Church in mountainless Cohoctah, Michigan, led the assembly in the ritual climax of the convention, the burning of an eighteen-foot cross. Miles, whose résumé identifies him as "former national chaplain of the Ku Klux Klan," donned his old black robe for the occasion. This crowd got a bonus: five modest trash-can fires, symbolizing the five Northwest states Miles proposes to appropriate as a refuge. It's what he calls the 10 Percent Solution, for the "33 million hard-core racists" who want out of the terminally democratic and heterogeneous United States.

The small crowd extended arms straight out in a salute worthy of *Triumph of the Will* and hollered three times, "Hail Victory!" while television cameras rolled. Two small boys in camou-

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LETTERS.

AFGHAN POSTCARD

Boston

Never have I seen such an ill-informed, misdirected, poorly presented piece of propaganda and false analysis as Lawrence Lifschultz's May 31 article, "Can the Pieces Fit Into Place?" In blaming the United States indirectly and Iran directly for precipitating the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan, and holding the United States culpable for lack of progress at the Geneva peace talks, Lifschultz displays a pathetic lack of knowledge about the situation.

As a television journalist who has recently returned from Afghanistan and Pakistan, I can report that the wholesale genocide being waged against the Afghan people is a premeditated Soviet policy; no one else is to blame. Lifschultz ignores the main stumbling block in the peace talks: the Soviet refusal to negotiate with the mujahedeen, who truly represent the heart and soul of the Afghan people.

The Russians do not remain in Afghanistan because the United States wishes them to be perpetually saddled with this "albatross." They remain because they have been unable to impose their will on the Afghans or defeat the mujahedeen despite their overwhelming military and technological superiority. Meanwhile, refugee hospitals continue to fill up with children, women and village elders whose bodies have been badly burned, whose arms and legs have been blown off, whose way of life has been destroyed forever.

Estimates are that one-third of the population, some 5 million people, has been driven into refugee camps in Pakistan and Iran. Another million have died. The deliberate destruction of Afghan villages has created the largest refugee crisis in the world. Lifschultz's article is more apology than analysis, more inane speculation than insightful dissertation and, above all, a horrible disservice to a people who have endured untold suffering.

Shame on him for writing it, and shame on *The Nation* for printing it without checking its veracity. *Brad Willis*

LIFSCHULTZ REPLIES

London

It is difficult to know how to respond to Brad Willis's invective and ignorant reading of my article. One has sadly observed the quality of U.S. television's coverage of the world over the years, and its tendency to conceptualize all issues into a thirty-second clip. It is apparent that years spent writing such material undoubtedly affects some television correspondents' capacity to read and comprehend a more complicated view of world affairs. We have in Willis, an experienced correspondent with an NBC television affiliate, such an illustration.

It is patently absurd to suggest that I "blame" the United States for the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan in December 1979. To argue that the Shah and the United States were engaged in a clear strategic effort to shift the Daud regime away from the traditional neutral buffer status Afghanistan had managed to preserve prior to April 1978 is very different from describing the precise conditions that surrounded the Soviet invasion twenty months later. Willis, it appears, was unable to perceive that the article contained a discussion of two distinct phases.

Perhaps Willis might read Selig Harrison's account based on firsthand interviews in 1977 with senior officials in the Shah's regime and with Daud himself in Kabul. It appeared in *The Washington Post* ("The Shah, Not Kremlin, Touched Off Afghan Coup," May 13, 1979) and was later expanded in *Foreign Policy*. Harrison gives a detailed account of the 1977-78 U.S.-Iran covert initiative. Much more has emerged and is known about this period, which space does not permit me to summarize. Let Brad Willis put aside the invective and write a coherent criticism demonstrating how, for example, Harrison's account, which my article summarized, is inaccurate. Willis would be hard pressed in showing this view to be "ill informed," demonstrating his own lack of historical depth.

The discussion of the Soviet invasion itself was separate from the analysis of the period, which preceded the P.D.P.A. coup. If one now removes Willis's tendentious confusion about the pre-1978 period with what actually happened in the September to December 1979 run-up to the invasion, let him tell us specifically how he differs from this account. Does he also differ from Soviet dissident Roy Medvedev's view? If so, how? I wait for Willis's capacity for "scholarly journalism" to be revealed.

With respect to the main point that Willis fails completely to comprehend, I do believe the United States blocked an imminent advance in the U.N. negotiations in 1983 when it failed to extend support to the "international guarantee" instrument of the accord. This it finally did on December 12, 1985, with respect to essentially the same draft it had been asked to support in 1983. This is not only my view but that of Harrison, Morello, Shahrani, Mushahid Hussain, Meleeha Lodhi and quite a few others. I understand there has even been a high-level resignation at the Central Intelligence Agency recently, an effort to renew or perhaps one might say maintain this policy.

Many of us witnessed the casualties in Peshawar and among the refugees long before Willis arrived. His suggestion that by attempting to analyze what has happened in the course of the Afghan negotiations one is doing a disservice to the Afghan people is the crudest misrepresentation of my views that could possibly be made. He might read my April 14 letter in *The Guardian* of London while preparing to withdraw this slander. The Soviet Union without question bears responsibility for the enormous scale of civilian casualties in this war. Yet a policy designed "to bleed" the Russians joined with a diplomatic stand against a negotiated solution will also "bleed" the Afghans. Willis apparently has a problem with the idea of a possible negotiated settlement leading to a Soviet withdrawal, or the U.S. government offering positive support to the United Nations in this direction. Perhaps he believes a military victory is to be won. I've heard it said that down in Langley the "good old boys" call that fighting the Russians to "the last Afghan."

Before the editors of *The Nation* and I rub ashes into our skin and express "shame" for writing and publishing an article on the Afghan negotiations, we shall wait to see how Willis is able to respond specifically to issues raised above. We can then establish who has done his journalistic homework and who has chosen to invoke the shallow terms of invective. *Lawrence Lifschultz*

CRIMINAL EYEBROWS

Richmond, Va.

Steven Rose's review of *Crime and Human Nature*, by James Q. Wilson and Richard J. Herrnstein, ["Stalking the Criminal Chromosome," May 24] quite rightly attributes the resurgence of belief (or faith) in biological determinism as an explanation of criminal behavior to the need of the political order to "engender . . . intellectual, religious, philosophical or scientific justification for the ruling values," a justification that also embraces creationism and anti-abortion sentiment. Rose implies, however, that some older ideas about the genetic basis for criminal behavior are universally disparaged. He states, "Cesare Lombroso's theories about criminal head shapes . . . have long been laughed out of court." I only wish that Lombroso's ideas were passé; on the contrary, his atavistic criminal is ever with us. Check the Sunday comics: the conventional comic burglar is bald, wears a sporting cap that was fashionable in 1930, weighs 300 pounds, has a jutting lower jaw, broken nose, low forehead, and isn't bright. During my days as a police officer I searched in vain to root out this criminal, but I discovered that his image was alive and well in the minds of law enforcers.

In 1977, while I was a police training officer (and a graduate student in anthropology), investigators from the Tucson, Arizona, office of the Internal Revenue Service invited a few of us from the Tucson Police Department training staff and detec-

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EDITORIALS.

The Crackdown

President Reagan's war on drugs will be waged against many enemies, only one of which is the named culprit. He has noticed a widespread fear, seized a popular issue and turned temperance into a vehicle for moral mobilization and an excuse for social control. History—especially this century's history—is surfeited with similar examples of exploitation. The pattern is always the same: community cohesion is rent and personal behavior seems aberrant; political leaders invoke a convenient mystique (race, religion, sex) to restore ancestral values; repressive measures are deployed to meet the extraordinary threat; and the power of the authorities is enhanced as the liberty of individuals is diminished. We have seen how children are rewarded for betraying their parents to the security apparatus; how the media, schools and independent institutions are enlisted in a political movement under the guise of moral crusade; and how local minorities and foreign governments are bashed and bullied when the mob demands a scapegoat. We will soon see it all again.

The drug warriors have already opened several fronts. Nancy Reagan's harmless little lectures are being expanded to a major propaganda campaign carried along the cultural corridors from MTV to the grade-school classroom. The armed forces have been sent into action in the jungles of Latin America (good practice for political operations to come), and support is growing for their use as a special drug police along the border, on the high seas or wherever exotic

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technologies can be employed. The medical testing program—which in many ways is the central purpose and defining weapon of the project—will be compulsory wherever possible (for example, the Army, parts of the private defense industry and the intelligence workshops) and "voluntary" where compulsion is best exerted that way. Civil libertarians will complain, but the Reaganites know that drug testing is a valuable method of discipline. It isolates people, raises the general level of anxiety and places the burden of guilt for social breakdown on individuals.

The hilarious prospect of George Bush, Caspar Weinberger, Gen. Vernon Walters et al. presenting urine specimens for analysis to detect possible controlled substances illustrates the obvious flaw in the strategy: no distinction is made between the container and the contained. There is no drug use, only drug abuse. Satan is in the smoke, the white line, the syringe, and to partake is to sin. In the war on crime, antisocial behavior is punished: assaults, robberies, treason. In the drug war, however, the crime is the very existence of the criminal agent. In that regard Reagan's antidrug campaign is strikingly analogous to his anticommunism. It is not what communists (or Sandinistas or whomever gets the label this week) do that is so sinful but what they are, and what must be opposed by any means possible.

In essence, the drug war is an ideological mobilization, like the war against communism. It certainly has that odor to it, with its redolence of racism, its xenophobia, its anti-Third World and anti-1960s overtones. It has also won the allegiance of the media, which buys into Reaganism so rapidly these days there is not a moment's time for reflection. Liberals with drugged-out kids and black and Hispanic leaders from cracked-out districts have jumped on the convoys as they pass because they see no other antidote to an obviously bad national trip. But they may regret their enthusiasm. Reagan's war against drugs will not stop drug use but it will advance his worst plans for the American people, the ones designed to make us Christian soldiers marching onward in the larger wars against liberty.

Drug abuse—which must logically include epidemic alcoholism, nicotinism and the pervasive misuse of prescription and proprietary drugs—does not happen outside its social and historical context and will not be significantly reduced without significant change in the environment. Virtually every community and ethnic group in the world uses intoxicants; alteration of mind, mood and perception seems to be a natural human function. When intoxication gets out of hand, as it clearly has in America, and not only among crack smokers and heroin shooters, it is necessary to look to the causes of abuse before trying to eliminate all the abusers. We are not going to be a lot better off with jails full of people who test positive for marijuana, or unemployment rolls heavy with fired coke sniffers. Psychological escape, self-destructive rebellion and antisocial activity are built into the system of competition, greed and authoritarianism that the Reagan revolution promotes. Drug abuse is not a very healthy antidote to the debilitating system, but it is an immediately available one, and you cannot remove the one without changing the other.

Steel Standoff

The U.S.X. lockout of the United Steelworkers of America is no routine labor dispute. It's not like the strikes of 1948–68, when unionists fought for a larger piece of a growing pie, or the local struggles of the Vietnam years, when workers attempted to block the imposition of new management controls and technological speedups. It's not even like the anticoncession strikes of the early 1980s. In those previous strikes, no matter how long or bitter, both sides accepted the collective-bargaining system established in the New Deal–Fair Deal era. Now, U.S.X. is challenging that system, attempting to replace it with unilateral corporate control.

U.S.X. (formerly U.S. Steel) has long been determined to challenge the steelworkers' power. Soon after it secured a concessions agreement from the union in March 1983, U.S. Steel began violating its provisions—contracting out work reserved for unionists, ignoring seniority rules, combining jobs and ordering employees to do work outside their job titles. When workers complained, their bosses told them to file grievances; when the locals filed the grievances and won them, the company called for arbitration; when the union lawyers won in arbitration, the company paid up and continued violating the contract. Its harsh labor practices enabled U.S. Steel to increase the number of tons shipped per hour worked by each U.S.W.A. member an astonishing 49 percent in the years 1983–85, enabling the company to reduce its unionized labor force by 11,500 members. By 1985, U.S. Steel had become the industry's low-cost producer, an amazing feat in light of the company's reputation for stodgy, unimaginative management. U.S. Steel's repeated and deliberate violation of its labor agreement helped it to post operating profits of $169 million in the past two years, the only integrated steelmaker to do so.

The company has signaled a new agressiveness in other ways. In 1985, U.S. Steel chair David Roderick announced that the company would no longer bargain in concert with other producers as it had done for a generation—a clear declaration that he was after more concessions. Roderick also declined U.S.W.A. offers to begin bargaining early and refused to open the company's books to analysts hired by the union to determine the steel company's true financial condition.

During bargaining in early July, U.S. Steel changed its name to U.S.X., giving union negotiators warning that a failure to accept company demands would lead to plant shutdowns and perhaps abandonment of the steel operation entirely. U.S.X.'s demands, including wage and benefit cuts of more than $4 per hour, no limits on subcontracting, further job combinations and the loss of some vacations and holidays, made a work stoppage inevitable.

Evidence that U.S. Steel had changed its corporate strategy came back in 1983, when the company renounced the agreement it had made with the steelworkers' union, the City of Chicago and the State of Illinois to build a rail mill in exchange for labor concessions and tax

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abatements. Convinced that the domestic steel industry could no longer return to its former size, the company had developed a new strategy: reduce labor costs and reduce steelmaking capacity in the United States, not by closing U.S. Steel facilities—in the past three years, Roderick has actually closed fewer mills than analysts predicted—but by forcing rival steelmakers to shut down plants.

Under the leadership of Roderick and president Thomas Graham, the company has therefore been waging war on its domestic competitors by aggressive price cutting. U.S.X.'s refusal to join its rivals in lobbying for effective trade protection was also part of its strategy: the excess imports leaking through President Reagan's ineffective Voluntary Restraint Agreements threatened to drown the company's rivals. If U.S.X. can slash its own labor costs and force the competition to eliminate the industry's "excess capacity," it will be in a good position to regain profitability in its steelmaking operations.

The union's goal is to preserve as many steelmaking jobs as possible. This means countering Roderick's strategy of forcing rival steelmakers into bankruptcy. Consequently, in bargaining with L.T.V. and Bethlehem Steel, two companies which have made significant investments in plant modernization while losing money, the U.S.W.A. reduced its demands. If L.T.V. and Bethlehem were granted significant concessions, union bargainers reasoned, those companies would be in a position to benefit significantly from a strike at U.S.X. These considerations, they hoped, would moderate U.S.X.'s hostility or, if a strike broke out, would induce the company to settle before it lost its customers.

At first, the union strategy seemed to be working. The union negotiated pacts with L.T.V. and Bethlehem that gave the companies significant cost reductions. Yet the concessions were smaller than many observers expected, and at the same time the union made real gains restricting contracting out, limiting overtime, initiating profit sharing and improving grievance handling. As the union reached agreement with L.T.V., Bethlehem, National and Inland, U.S.X.'s customers, fearful of a strike, began switching to other producers.

L.T.V.'s unexpected declaration of bankruptcy on July 17 undercut the union's apparent advantage. For one thing, L.T.V.'s action enhanced the credibility of Roderick's argument that the industry needs major cuts in labor costs. Even more important, U.S.X. now expects that a reorganized L.T.V. will be able to reduce its financing, energy and labor costs, thereby fortifying itself against U.S.X.'s price-cutting strategy. If Roderick means to make his steel operations profitable despite weak market conditions, the threat of a leaner L.T.V. increases the pressure to hold out until the union's power is broken.

It's hard to predict when the strike will end. Under Lynn Williams's leadership, the union seems prepared to wage a protracted campaign. By hiring professional economic consultants like Locker Associates and Lazard Frères, it has assured itself the expertise it needs for the struggle ahead. By giving members the right to ratify contracts, the union has regained the trust of the rank and file. By organizing community Save-the-Steel-Industry coalitions—which U.S.X. has refused to join—the union has built public support for its struggle. But most of all, the union has the strong backing of members united in their anger at management's ruthless tactics.

So the stage is set for a battle whose significance extends far beyond the steel industry. If Roderick's challenge to the union's power succeeds and U.S.X. wins greater concessions than other steelmakers, competition in the industry will turn into a bloodbath. Meanwhile, employers throughout America may decide that they too can take on their unions. The concession bargaining of the first half of the 1980s would look like a picnic beside the wars that would then ensue.

DAVID BENSMAN

David Bensman directs the graduate program in labor studies at Rutgers University.

FIGHTING BACK

The use of libel actions to punish a critical publication has become a familiar phenomenon, and the chilling effect on the press is well documented. In 1982 *The Nation* was the target of a lawsuit by a politician who didn't like an article we published. Othal Brand, Mayor of McAllen, Texas, claimed that he had been libeled by David C. Kibbe and Kenneth Bain's article "*Patrón* Politics in McAllen, Texas," which appeared in our issue of September 26, 1981. Fortunately for us, the American Civil Liberties Union took our case, and James C. Harrington, legal director of the Texas chapter, represented us. On August 6, 1985, Judge Mario E. Ramirez Jr. granted Harrington's motion for a summary judgment on the ground that Brand's suit was barred by the free press clauses in the Texas and U.S. constitutions.

But libel litigation is lengthy, time-consuming and expensive. Even when the A.C.L.U. pitches in, resources that are urgently needed on other fronts are diverted. The most frivolous suits can besmirch a journal's reputation and trigger a rise in its libel insurance premiums or result in the cancellation of its policy. One of the few people in the media to fight back is W.E. Chilton 3d, publisher of the *Charleston Gazette* in West Virginia, who has a policy of countersuing the attorneys of plaintiffs in losing libel suits against the paper. Recently, the *Gazette* received $12,500 in an out-of-court settlement with a Charleston lawyer.

Inspired by Chilton's example, Harrington recently filed a damage suit on *The Nation*'s behalf against Brand, charging that he had brought his libel action maliciously in order to "penalize, punish, intimidate and harass" the magazine. Brand, a wealthy agribusinessman, has a history of such suits, and we're pleased to be able to strike back.

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BEAT THE DEVIL.

We're All in Rockefeller's Bracket Now

It is not surprising, but still shameful, that a press able to sit still for Reagan's most recent press conference on South Africa should now be accepting the absurd proposition that the deals just hammered out in Congress represent tax reform. Is the word "reform" so drained of meaning that a drop in the highest marginal rate of taxation for individuals from 50 percent to 33 percent and the end of the principle of progressivity—amid the complacent silence of the major business lobbying organizations—may be considered evidence of momentum toward a just society?

Bush and the Camels

Even by the baroque standards of U.S. political campaigning, George Bush's visit to Jordan some weeks ago seems to have extended the frontiers of arrogant tomfoolery. An amusing description by Charles Wallace appeared in the *Los Angeles Times* on August 2.

The purpose of the voyage to the Middle East was, naturally, to display Bush as a man seasoned in the arts of international diplomacy, in contrast to such rivals as Jack Kemp and Pat Robertson. His first port of call was Israel, where his handlers had lined up no less than thirty-five separate photo opportunities. For this portion of the jaunt the Vice President brought along a private film crew to videotape his appearances. The crew was sent home when Bush headed for Jordan, on the reasoning, according to one Bush adviser, that "there is nothing to be gained showing him schmoozing with Arabs." Schmoozing with camels was another matter. Bush's men demanded that these beasts be present at every stop on the Vice President's itinerary, even though camels are rarely seen in Jordan.

When it turned out that the tiny Jordanian Air Force did not have enough helicopters to ferry about Bush, his staff and press retinue, one of his aides suggested that Jordan borrow some helicopters from Israel—a country with which the Hashemite Kingdom is still technically at war.

Bush's men also suggested that for aesthetic reasons the Jordanian Army change the color of its uniform from white to red, which request was refused. The King and Queen laid on a fine lunch of smoked salmon and caviar for Bush's press corps, but an advisory from the Bush team warned, "You should assume that all food is contaminated and requires special attention before consumption."

Bush's aides wanted pictures of him peering through binoculars at "enemy territory," but the State Department official on the scene pointed out that the territory to which Bush was directing his attention was Israel, so Bush stared at the Golan Heights instead. According to Wallace, the Vice President concluded a military briefing by saying to the Jordanian commander in chief, Lieut. Gen. Zeid Bin Shaker, "Tell me, General, how dead is the Dead Sea?" "Very dead, sir," the general replied.

By way of examples of prejudice against Arabs, I am grateful to the reader who sent in this excerpt from *Footprints in Time*, John Colville's recollections of his life as private secretary to Neville Chamberlain and Winston Churchill, and as a member of the British Foreign Service. Colville describes what happened to a colleague there who, in 1954, was to be named head of British Information Services in New York:

> His name was Harold Beeley. He was six years older than me and, entering the Foreign Service after the war, he had established a high reputation as an Arabist with a profound knowledge of the language and culture and a sympathetic understanding of the Arab cause. Beeley had not been long in Washington when the Ambassador, Sir Roger Makins, received a call from Mr. [Arthur] Sulzberger, the powerful Publisher and Proprietor of the *New York Times*. The reason for his call was to say that if Mr. Harold Beeley became Head of the British Information Services in America he would be given no co-operation at all by the American press, which was, by and large, dedicated to the Zionist cause. So the only thing to do was to leave Mr. Beeley in Washington, in the safe anonymity of Head of Chancery.

I wonder if Punch Sulzberger, Arthur's heir, felt it similarly necessary to suggest last month to the Israelis that Lieut. Gen. Amos Yaron, who presided over the massacres at Sabra and Shatila, might not be the best person to send to Washington as Israeli military attaché.

Reckless Disregard: CBS vs. 'The New Yorker'

Among the materials burdening the desk of William Shawn, venerable editor of *The New Yorker*, is an immense communication from CBS, signed by Van Gordon Sauter, president of CBS News. It concerns Renata Adler's two articles published in that magazine in June on the Westmoreland libel trial, which arose out of George Crile's documentary for CBS, "The Uncounted Enemy." Adler launched a furious assault on Crile's documentary and on CBS's case as put forward in Federal court, but as I remarked in this space a few weeks ago, her reporting was sloppy and her conclusions absurd.

Now CBS has thrown its institutional weight behind Crile in a virulent and detailed attack on Adler and by extension on the reporting and checking procedures at *The New Yorker*. In a letter and an accompanying forty-nine-page memorandum, Sauter says that Adler "repeatedly and fundamentally misrepresented the record" concerning both the broadcast and the litigation, and charges her with gross distortion and dishonesty. A copy of this correspondence has gone to Alfred A. Knopf, which is due to publish Adler's articles as a book, titled *Reckless Disregard*.

Shawn has replied "privately and confidentially" to Sauter, but *The New Yorker* has taken the public position that it stands by its story. Knopf says that CBS's letter is being "carefully reviewed." The publication of Adler's book has been put back and Bill Loverd, publicity director at Knopf, told my colleague James Ledbetter that the letter had been "a factor" in the review of the text.

This is indeed "extraordinary," to quote Crile's reaction to Shawn's statement. Adler's articles have serious mistakes

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and the *New Yorker* fact-checking department was plainly asleep at the wheel, failing to challenge Adler's wild departures from reality. Since some of Adler's polemic concerned the arrogance of the press, Shawn's position is doubly reprehensible. *The New Yorker* will soon be looking at another fat wad of factual rebuttal from Sam Adams, the former C.I.A. analyst who was the primary source for the documentary, as well as a libel suit from Greg Rushford, a former Congressional investigator who charges that Adler distorted the court record to make him sound like a conspiracy-monger and a kook. Rushford complained to *The New Yorker* and got a lawyer's letter in return which he says is inadequate. His counsel will be Le Chi Thao, a former South Vietnamese diplomat. If Shawn persists in his stonewalling, Adams may be left with little alternative but to enter the legal arena once more.

Preparing for his case Rushford has been reviewing some of the exhibits in Adler's libel suit against *Vanity Fair* and the *Washington Journalism Review* for injury to her professional reputation. (*W.J.R.* reported that she had been fired as an adviser to *Vanity Fair* in the early days of that atrocious publication.) In one affidavit filed on April 21 of this year, Adler said that "not to check with a person whom a published story most directly, and most damagingly, concerns was a gross departure from ordinary journalistic standards." While she was expressing these laudable sentiments she was readying for publication her *New Yorker* articles, which shower abuse on men she found it unnecessary to contact for their opinions on the matters under review.

Trahison des Clerical Department

● "The American bombing of Libya was not state terrorism, for it was aimed at specific military targets, and the pilots took some risks in their effort to hit those targets and nothing else." Such is the considered opinion of Michael Walzer, patron of the just war, in the summer issue of *Dissent*, a magazine still maintained by costly life-support systems even though extensive tests conducted many years ago irrefutably proved that it was brain dead. Walzer would presumably refuse to label "state terrorism" a Libyan attempt—answering in kind—to assassinate President Reagan. He goes on: "A bomb falling, unaimed, on a city is the moral equivalent of a bomb planted in a public place or a machine gun pointed at a crowd. We shouldn't do that and presumably won't; in any case we haven't." I would like to hear Walzer explain these arduous discriminations to Kinda, the little Palestinian girl whose older sister was killed by one of those precisely aimed bombs during the raid on Tripoli.

● "One of the things we've come to have a very sure conviction of is that McCarthyism is really a left-wing franchise. . . . McCarthyism, if it is a pathology, is certainly a left-wing pathology. In our experience, the right is remarkably tolerant." Thus Peter Collier, discussing with a reporter from *The Washington Times* the conversion of himself and his partner David Horowitz to a well-nourished existence on the rightward end of the political spectrum. As with Walzer's reflections on terrorism, it would be interesting to hear a discussion on this matter between Collier and a victim of McCarthyism from the 1950s.

Double Your Standard (an Ongoing Series)

Canon Riah Abu al-Assal, head of the Anglican Church in Nazareth, has been forbidden to leave Israel for one year, under an administrative order issued by the Ministry of the Interior. It seems "his traveling freely is contrary to the security interests of the state." The canon, a Palestinian with Israeli nationality, is one of the leaders of the Progressive Slate for Peace, an officially recognized party with one Jewish and one Arab Knesset member.

Deaf to such infractions of human rights in Israel and the occupied territories, many U.S. intellectuals have been clamoring about the attenuations of freedom in Nicaragua, a nation against whom the United States is mounting a terror campaign at an initial cost of about $635 million. (This includes the $235 million approved by Congress and $400 million in off-the-democratic-book C.I.A. subversion.) Normally taciturn about the many reports attesting to Nicaragua's respect for human rights and the innumerable atrocities of the *contras*, the U.S. press became voluble with the publication of a report, sharply critical of Nicaragua, put out in July by the International League for Human Rights. It is a shoddy piece of work. The report was prepared on the basis of a five-day visit to Nicaragua, during which time—in contrast to the practice employed by Amnesty International and other human rights groups—the Nicaraguan government was not invited to respond to any of the charges. That is what Pat Derian told the *Christian Science Monitor* for July 30. Formerly President Carter's chief human rights official, she was on the trip and is now out of the United States and unavailable for comment. Nina Shea of the International League claims that the group tried to meet with Nicaraguan officials. Regarding the inclusion of Robert Leiken in the group, Shea offers the brazen rationale that his presence was intended to offset that of Derian, who opposes aid to the *contras*.

Certainly it is hard to imagine any other human rights group having with it as an adviser a man dedicated to the overthrow of the government being investigated and an apologist for the army attacking it. The fact that the International League has not attempted to dissociate itself from Leiken's politicking underlines its shabby conduct and interested political maneuvers. As Noam Chomsky remarked to me: "Just imagine that Amnesty International sent a delegation to Israel led by someone who worked in the Soviet Union to raise money for Abu Nidal. Actually the correct analogy would be that they sent a delegation with an avid supporter of the P.L.O.—obviously not a fair parallel since the P.L.O. is not a terrorist army attacking Israel. Such a person would no doubt be arrested on arrival, but even if not, just imagine how an A.I. report based on such inquiry, after five days in Israel and with no consultation with the Israeli government, would be treated."

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CAPITOL LETTER.

KAI BIRD AND MAX HOLLAND

■ Summer Follies

Another torrid Washington summer brings to mind a theory first propounded by the late Everett Dirksen. The Illinois Senator predicted that historians would link the demise of the Republic to the rise of the air conditioner. Congress used to flee the nation's capital from early May to late September, but manufactured cold air, Dirksen observed, allowed Congress to stay in session nearly year round, leading to reckless deficit spending and eventual ruin.

The parsimonious Dirksen would be slack-jawed at the doings this summer. Despite the depreciation of the dollar, the U.S. trade deficit is a record $170 billion. This translates into reduced economic growth, a major reason the Federal budget deficit will swell to $230.2 billion this year, $18 billion more than the previous high, in 1985. And it is the deficit that is forcing Congress to perform the summer rite that caused Dirksen special anguish—raising the debt ceiling. Congress is debating a tidy increase in the national debt, from $2.079 trillion to $2.323 trillion, and the President responsible is a Republican. Dirksen is probably dizzy from so much spinning in his grave.

A fundamental reason for America's insolvency is President Reagan's attempt to recapture the world primacy the United States enjoyed before the Vietnam War. Reagan is almost alone in the fantasy that it can be done the old-fashioned way. Other politicians, from John Warner to Gary Hart, are trying to find new means, some of which may be directed toward the old end.

During a three-part lecture series at Georgetown University, Hart offered up his vision of a policy of "enlightened engagement," which includes a reduction in U.S. military spending coupled with a commitment to improve industrial productivity. Will Hart's attempt to de-emphasize military competition with the Soviet Union prove attractive to voters? It's a shrewd approach, but Hart retains so much of the anti-Soviet litany that he may become trapped by his own rhetoric.

Senator Warner has come up with a different solution to U.S. problems, which is so simple-minded it is bound to be approved by Congress. What ails is not a bloated military budget that distorts the economy but the lack of a grand strategy. To remedy that oversight, Warner and several others have introduced legislation that would require the President to submit to Congress an annual report, just after the State of the Union Message, on the "national security strategy of the United States."

Before dismissing this as Warner's folly, consider some of its supporters. Chief among them is a Virginia outfit called the U.S. Global Strategy Council. Bankrolled by a wealthy real estate developer named Raymond Raehn, it draws on the expertise of Ray Cline, a former Deputy Director at the Central Intelligence Agency. "Raehn's money and Cline's contacts," as one staff member put it.

In July, Cline's connections and the council's deft public relations work combined to produce a conference on grand strategy at the Pentagon's National Defense University. Among the featured speakers were enough national security types to staff several administrations, including Zbigniew Brzezinski, Stansfield Turner, James Schlesinger and Robert McFarlane. Much of the discussion focused on military theorists like Karl von Clausewitz, Sun Tzu and Alfred Thayer Mahan, but more-contemporary topics were also addressed, with some unguarded comments along the way.

During the first day an observer would have been hard pressed to guess who is enemy number one—the Russians, who aim their missiles at us, or the Japanese, who target the U.S. industrial base. Turner, possibly in jest, suggested that the United States levy a tax on all Japanese imports to compensate for Japan's lower defense expenditures. He also decried the lack of U.S. forces capable of intervening in the Third World, by which he did not mean Nicaragua but Iran, Pakistan and Thailand. Later Robert Komer, the author of the policy of destroying Vietnamese hamlets in order to save them, admitted that "the domino theory did not work" and "very few adverse strategic consequences emerged from the defeat in Vietnam." Brzezinski, sounding uncharacteristically moderate, predicted that a strategic defense to cover all Americans would never work, but that a limited system should be built to defend the national command.

It was Schlesinger, however, who identified the secret yearning of the national security bureaucracy and, coincidentally, the true intent behind the push for a grand strategy. "I too would like to return to the good old days," he said, referring to the period between Pearl Harbor and Tet, when "all you had to do was talk to Senator Richard Russell and he would bring all the rest [of Congress] along." Nostalgia for the 1950s was palpable at the conference, for that was a time when national security was the exclusive preserve of elites, bipartisanship reigned (meaning Congress was a rubber stamp) and genuine public dissent brought suspicions of disloyalty. "We have not by a long shot restored the public trust that existed before Vietnam and the Kennedy assassination," Schlesinger concluded.

■ Profiles in Hypocrisy

Two leading Democratic liberals, Senator Bill Bradley and Representative Les Aspin, voted for aid to the *contras* on similar grounds—that the Reagan Administration is serious about Contadora, and the $100 million package will pressure the Nicaraguan government to negotiate.

In June the Reagan Administration fired the U.S. Ambassador to Honduras, John Ferch, because he was unwilling to dictate to Honduran leaders and took the idea of a negotiated settlement with Nicaragua seriously. Several weeks later, in a revealing interview with Roy Gutman in *Newsday*, Ferch said his dismissal suggests that the United States has "a military goal" in Central America. Neither Bradley nor Aspin returned repeated calls asking for their comments on Ferch's ouster and subsequent remarks. Indeed, Bradley recorded his second vote in favor of aid to the *contras*, as though nothing had changed.

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ARTICLES.

THE RIFT WITH ARAFAT

Can Hussein Take Over the P.L.O.?

STANLEY REED

By closing the Amman offices of Yasir Arafat's Al Fatah group on July 7, King Hussein of Jordan escalated his campaign to induce the Palestinians living in the Israeli-occupied West Bank to choose another leader. But Hussein's strategy may well backfire. Not only have his clumsy efforts failed to win him any new support in the West Bank, but he is in danger of making new enemies among his own people, a majority of whom consider themselves Palestinians.

Although Hussein's relations with Arafat have always been plagued by deep mutual suspicion, the current dispute began on February 19, when the King broke off his yearlong effort to form a joint negotiating team with the Palestine Liberation Organization. In a fascinating three-and-a-half-hour speech the King accused Arafat of squandering a golden opportunity, the result of Jordanian efforts, to engage in talks with the United States. "We are unable to continue to coordinate politically with the P.L.O. leadership until such time as their word becomes their bond, characterized by credibility, commitment and constancy," the King said. He stopped short of publicly urging the Palestinians to replace Arafat, but his aides are less guarded. "We are for the P.L.O. but not Abu Ammar," one of the King's closest advisers told me recently in Amman, referring to Arafat by his nom de guerre.

After the speech Hussein's security apparatus began to squeeze the Palestinians. Even before the Jordanians closed Fatah's offices and expelled Khalil al-Wazir, Arafat's chief delegate in Amman and, reportedly, paymaster for the West Bank, they appeared to be encouraging a farcical rebellion against Arafat by Atallah Atallah, a former chief of Fatah military intelligence, who is known as Abu Zaim. Abu Zaim, who has a reputation for corruption, charges that Arafat is no longer interested in fighting for the liberation of Palestine but spends his time dispersing hundreds of millions of dollars in Fatah assets to buy the loyalty of individuals and to influence governments. On June 1, Abu Zaim and a crowd of cheering supporters calling themselves the General Military Council of Fatah stripped Arafat and Wazir of their posts in the organization and proclaimed Abu Zaim as Arafat's successor as commander of Fatah's military forces.

The King's men have also turned the screws on inhabitants of the occupied territories, chiefly by tightening control over the Jordan River bridges that many must cross to visit relatives in Jordan, to have their Jordanian passports renewed or to fly from the Queen Alia Airport. West Bankers are now questioned about their political beliefs at the bridges. Those deemed pro-Arafat may be turned back or "invited" to intelligence headquarters in Amman for further questioning.

One of Hussein's advisers told me that the purpose of this pressure is to shock the West Bankers into considering the consequences of Arafat's approach to the peace process. "They don't really feel the occupation," he said, describing the West Bankers as "spoiled babies" who for years have basked in the attention of the Western media and lived well off the money poured in by the Gulf Arabs, Jordan, the P.L.O. and international organizations. In the Jordanian view all this support from outside creates the dangerous illusion in Palestinian minds that merely to hang on to existence in the West Bank is sufficient, even heroic.

Hussein argues that steadfastness is not enough, that a credible Arab peace effort represents the only hope for preventing the Israelis from annexing the occupied territories and driving many of the 850,000 West Bankers off the land and across the river. Such a mass exodus would swamp the Jordanian economy, further tip the population balance in favor of the Palestinians and bring the "Jordan is Palestine" thesis, associated with Ariel Sharon and other Israeli hard-liners, closer to reality.

He faces formidable opposition in his struggle to change West Bank thinking. The P.L.O. is now entrenched in many West Bank institutions, including the universities, labor unions and the press. Hussein recently proposed a $1 billion

Stanley Reed, a writer who specializes on the Middle East, recently visited Jordan, Syria and the West Bank.

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spending program to compete with the P.L.O. and to encourage West Bankers to stay on the land. Washington responded by putting $4.5 million in aid to the occupied territories under Jordan's control, a welcome gesture of support for Hussein but not enough to expand Jordanian influence. Even in the unlikely event that the United States or the Saudis did make substantial resources available, Hussein's plan would seem unrealistic. Israel, which wants to make the West Bank unattractive to the Arab population, would interfere with any significant development projects.

Lack of funding may be the least of Hussein's handicaps. West Bank leaders are acutely aware that to step forward on behalf of Jordan is to court death. The assassination last March of Zafer el-Masri, after he accepted an Israeli appointment as Mayor of Nablus at Jordanian urging, remains fresh in West Bank minds. Moreover, after nineteen years of Israeli occupation, the majority of the West Bank population is too young to remember that their homeland was once part of Jordan. Growing up under Israeli control, young West Bankers have acquired a strong Palestinian identity. "To them the idea of King Hussein returning is a joke, a dinosaur option," remarked a Palestinian editor in Jerusalem.

The dispute with the P.L.O. is causing a great deal of discomfort in official Jordanian circles. Everyone in Amman seems to know that the respected Foreign Minister, Taher el-Masri, a Palestinian and the nephew of Zafer el-Masri, finds the anti-P.L.O. campaign extremely distasteful. Respected observers in and out of government argue that a quarrel with Arafat is the last thing Jordan needs.

Because the rules of Jordanian politics place Hussein above criticism, Prime Minister Zaid Rifai, who was appointed last year, is blamed for the hard-line, anti-P.L.O. policy. He is also viewed as a leading figure in a "mafia" that is leading Hussein astray and risking his prestige in dubious ventures. "The King is ill-advised," is a frequently heard complaint in Amman. An old secondary-school chum of Hussein's, Rifai also happens to be a favorite of Syrian President Hafez al-Assad. His appointment was a sop to Damascus and to those Jordanians who resent the success of the Palestinians in Jordan and consider Hussein's dealings with Arafat a mistake. Non-Palestinian Jordanians dominate the armed forces and the internal security apparatus.

Few Jordanians object to improved relations with Syria, which has grown powerful with Soviet assistance while Jordan has been denied arms by the United States, but they question the price Hussein was obliged to pay. Last November, the King sent Rifai a letter, which was later published in the *Jordan Times* as a kind of apology to Assad, confessing that Islamic militants had used Jordan as a base for launching attacks against Syria in the late 1970s. Hussein pledged that this "rotten group" would no longer be tolerated in his kingdom. Meanwhile, Hussein has little to show for his new friendship with Assad. The King had hoped his reconciliation with Syria would lead to an Arab consensus that might give Jordan a freer hand in negotiating the Palestinian question and even reverse the 1974 Arab summit resolution in Rabat recognizing the P.L.O. as the sole legitimate representative of the Palestinians. But Assad shows no sign of cooperating in such a scheme.

A more serious problem for Hussein is the economic recession that threatens to halt the recent improvement in his country's living standard. From 1973 to 1984, according to the World Bank, Jordan enjoyed one of the highest economic growth rates in the world. But this remarkable performance was attributable almost entirely to external sources—remittances from the more than 300,000 Jordanians working in the Persian Gulf, along with financial assistance from Arab oil exporters. Last year Hussein's energetic fund-raising among the latter gained him $840 million in total assistance, but recorded remittances are falling, as the gulf states cut back on expatriate salaries.

Most Jordanians working abroad are of Palestinian origin. The wealth they have amassed in the gulf has helped relieve the bitterness left after Hussein drove the P.L.O. from Jordan in 1970. If they return home to find few jobs available and their business ventures turning sour, they could quickly become a disruptive force. Unemployment has already risen as high as 12 percent, and a World Bank study projects a frightening 30 percent rate in the 1990s. In addition, the anti-P.L.O. campaign might dry up Palestinian investments in Jordan, dealing a devastating blow to the economy.

The government has tried to deal with the worsening situation by restraining dissent. Rifai has muzzled the press, which was quite lively under his two immediate predecessors. The Ministry of Information has banned some of the more outspoken local journalists and has instructed editors not to carry news of the P.L.O. Publications from outside Jordan are also censored. These restraints may prove difficult to maintain in Amman, which has become one of the Arab world's best-educated communities. Many Jordanians interpreted Hussein's reconvening of Parliament in 1984, after an eight-year hiatus, as a sign that the King favored broader political participation. As a result, several moderate politicians formed political debating clubs, which Hussein tolerates without lifting the ban on political parties. Many observers argue that this discouragement of moderate political parties plays into the hands of underground groups—the Moslem fundamentalists, the Communists and Jordanian branches of the radical P.L.O. factions.

Nevertheless, those who argue that liberalizing the political system would provide the P.L.O., Syria and other outside powers with opportunities to manipulate Jordanian politics still dominate the councils of state. This intolerance led to disaster on May 16, when the authorities moved against a sit-in by students at Yarmouk University. The students were protesting a tuition increase and the planned expulsion of thirty-two colleagues for a variety of offenses, including demonstrating against the U.S. air strike on Libya. At least three students were killed and more than 200 injured when special riot police stormed the campus. Western journalists who visited the university found no evidence to support Hussein's recent charges that the P.L.O. instigated these troubles.

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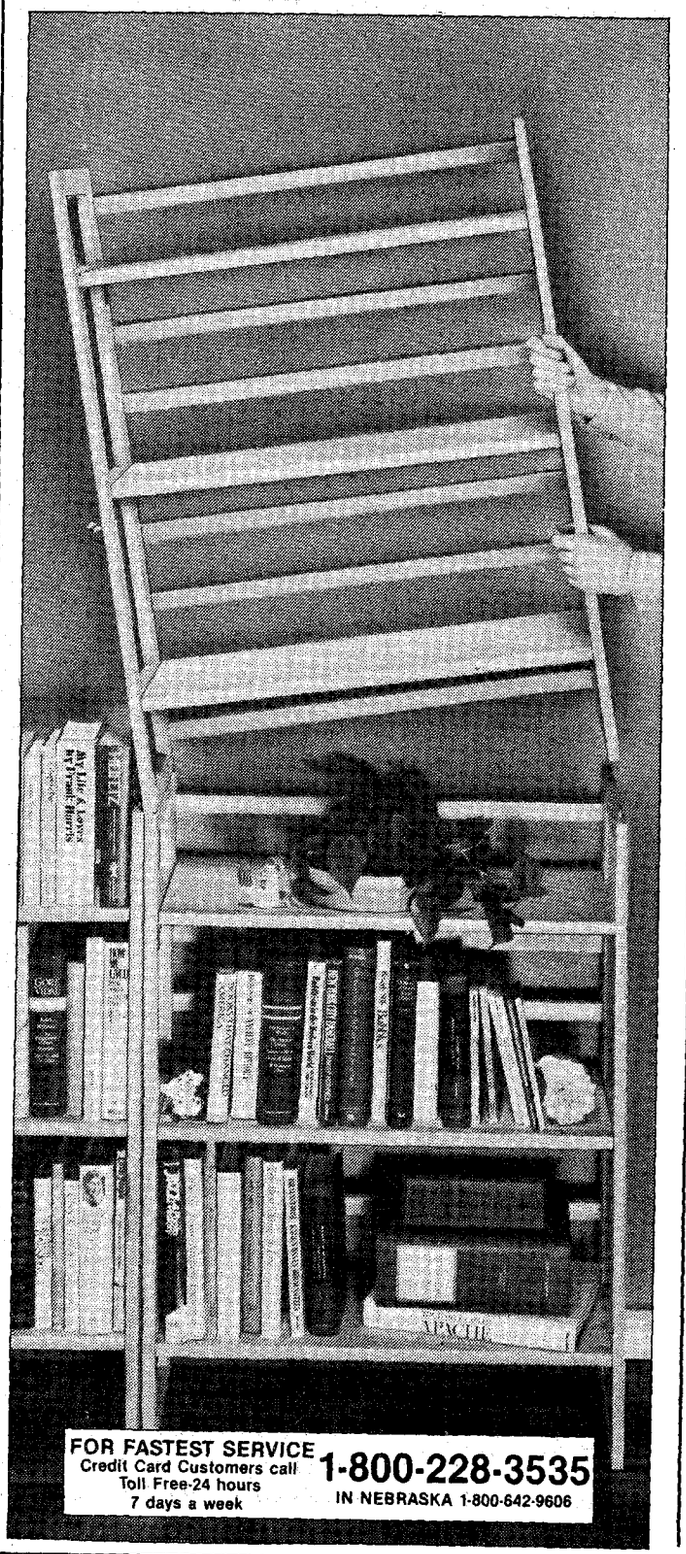

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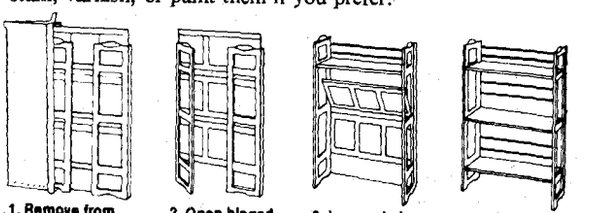

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Yarmouk may mark the beginning of stepped-up agitation by Jordan's youth for more political rights, but Hussein is likely to resist. Still, he knows that he cannot afford to rely on his security services to preserve Jordan's stability. Hussein may be the only leader in the Middle East with a strong interest in resolving the Palestinian question, if only because he fears others may impose solutions at Jordan's expense.

Hussein saw Arafat's humiliating ouster from Lebanon in 1982 as an opportunity to make the Palestinian movement more responsive to Jordan's interest. When he offered the foundering P.L.O. chief a lifeline, Arafat responded favorably, in part because he was interested in re-establishing a base in Amman. Arafat had no choice but to cooperate with Hussein's peace initiative, and on February 11, 1985, the King persuaded the P.L.O. chief to sign an agreement to work jointly with Jordan for a settlement. Arafat's acceptance of the principle of a Palestinian state confederated with Jordan was particularly gratifying to Hussein, who assumed that Amman would likely be the senior partner in any such arrangement.

Little progress occurred for nearly a year. On January 25, however, Hussein says he secured a written commitment from the United States to allow the Secretary General of the United Nations to invite the P.L.O. to an international conference on the Middle East once Arafat renounced terrorism and accepted U.N. Resolutions 242 and 338. This communication signaled the United States' new willingness to talk with the P.L.O. Acceptance of the concept of an international conference was also a significant concession on the part of the Reagan Administration, which had opposed such a forum because of the important role it would grant the Soviet Union. The King thought Arafat would be compelled to accept. However, Arafat decided that recognizing Israel's existence through the acceptance of the U.N. resolutions would be too damaging for his position in his movement. The P.L.O. objects to Resolution 242 because it makes no mention of the Palestinians but only alludes to them as a "refugee problem." In intense, indirect talks with U.S. envoy Wat T. Cluverius 4th in Amman in early February, Arafat insisted that the United States endorse the principle of Palestinian self-determination (which the United States considers a code word for an independent Palestinian state) in exchange for his agreeing to the U.N. resolutions. The United States, which opposes an independent Palestinian state, and Jordan, which hopes to dominate an emerging Palestinian entity, both rejected this demand. The whole effort collapsed on February 6.

Is Hussein correct to blame Arafat for the demise of his initiative? The King certainly had other options. He might have kept quiet. He also might have castigated the Reagan Administration, which invited doubts about its commitment to Jordan when it called off a long-promised arms deal on January 31 in the midst of the negotiations. However, if one believes Hussein's testimony that the terms he secured from the United States satisfied all of Arafat's previous conditions for recognizing Israel, as presented to Jordan, then one can understand the King's frustration. His strategy for controlling the Palestinian movement—making his own kingdom more secure and, perhaps, even regaining the West Bank—has failed. Arafat's behavior raises the question of whether he will ever agree to negotiate. He seems to be holding out for terms that he is unlikely to get.

Arafat is in trouble again. His valuable base in Amman is gone, and while his symbolic value and perhaps his money may make him welcome in some capitals, no Arab leader has come strongly to his defense against Hussein's attacks. He must worry that other Arab governments are finding the Jordanian arguments for dispensing with the P.L.O. increasingly persuasive. Still, it is too early to write off Arafat. Despite the setbacks of recent years, loyalty to the P.L.O. is increasing, not fading, among Palestinians. If Hussein's attempt to replace the Palestinian leadership fails, the King may find that he has no alternative but to try to work with the P.L.O. chief again. He may realize that only through a good relationship with the P.L.O. can he satisfy his own Palestinian constituents and further his West Bank ambitions. □

THE LEAP COALITION

Democratic Gadfly In Connecticut

BRUCE SHAPIRO

On July 19, Toby Moffett walked out of Connecticut's Democratic convention nearly alone and deeply shaken. Moffett, a former youth worker and community organizer who in four Congressional terms from 1974 to 1982 was the model of a charismatic, effective left-liberal legislative advocate, had entered the convention seeking the right to challenge Connecticut's conservative Democratic Governor, William O'Neill, to a primary. In most states Moffett could have qualified for the primary with a carton of petitions, but Connecticut election law requires any potential challenger for statewide office to round up the support of 20 percent of the party's convention delegates. Such delegates are generally under the firm thumb of incumbents, and this year was no exception. Despite an intense campaign, nearly $1 million in spending and a series of local delegate ballots showing Moffett and O'Neill neck and neck, Moffett ended some twenty delegates short.

Moffett's campaign was only the most recent skirmish in a slowly accelerating battle for the soul of Connecticut's Democratic Party—a challenge with national implications for left electoral strategy. Behind the scenes, it was largely the work of the Legislative Electoral Action Program (LEAP), a coalition of labor and citizen action groups

Bruce Shapiro is associate editor of the New Haven Independent, *a weekly newspaper.*

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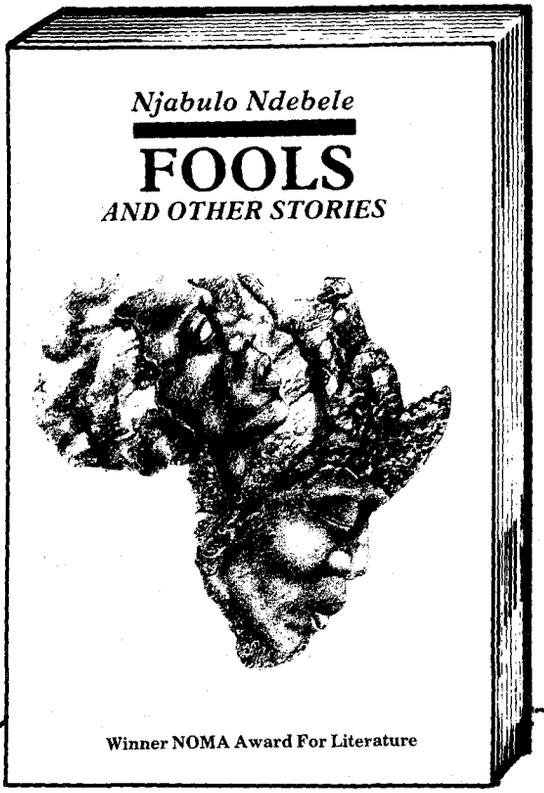

Read any *black* South African writers lately? Brink, Coetzee, Gordimer, Paton–each enlightens us on South Africa, but none would claim to speak for their black countrymen. Now comes NJABULO NDEBELE, a world-class writer from the townships. His *Fools and Other Stories* won Africa's highest international literary award. Set in Charterston (now destroyed by 'relocation'), Ndebele's finely crafted stories give us the humanity, dignity and humor of the shacks and *shebeens:* the nurses, musicians, faith-healers, those who struggle to succeed, those who don't–in a world where the distant white oppressor is largely irrelevant. The novella *Fools* explores a complex relationship between two black men of different generations bound together by an act of shame. The disgraced middle-aged teacher Zamani must face his failures, and young Zani must live with his anger as both prepare for the long, painful walk to freedom.

From East Berlin comes *Flight of Ashes,* Monika Maron's elegant and forceful novel of a young idealist on an official newspaper who is shocked to find 'the dirtiest town in Europe'. Honest journalism east of the Wall, she learns, is like driving a car a hundred miles with the handbrake on.

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founded in 1980 to bring progressive politics to Connecticut's electoral marketplace.

LEAP began as a coalition between community activists seeking to broaden their influence and six labor organizations—including Connecticut's United Auto Workers and International Association of Machinists—who wanted to establish a political base independent of the state A.F.L.-C.I.O. Frustrated with the resistance to change within the Democratic State Central Committee and the labor council, they decided to try a new tack: instead of routinely endorsing candidates in every race as unions and most liberal groups have traditionally done, they would select or develop from their own ranks a few issues-oriented legislative prospects with outstanding qualifications, and pull out all the stops to get them elected. Rather than focusing on providing funds, LEAP would make organizational services available to help build winning campaigns for progressive candidates. LEAP's annual budget is about $160,000, which covers staff and organizing costs as well as education and training programs channeled through a nonprofit affiliate. Some of this funding is provided by LEAP's constitutent organizations, notably unions; some from national foundations; and some from grass-roots fund raising and individual donations.

It was clearly necessary to build an organization independent of the regular Democratic machine. Much of Connecticut's Democratic Party is deeply conservative and marked more by cronyism than compassion or creativity. Governor O'Neill, formerly state Democratic chair, is ideologically indistinguishable from Republicans on a wide range of issues. At the same time, however, the Connecticut Democratic Party, like traditional political machines across the country, has but a shadow of its former power. It has proved increasingly vulnerable to challenges from the state's Republican Party, under the leadership of Senator Lowell Weicker and his allies. Though still a minority party, the Republicans have built a strong and diverse suburban base, which the Democrats, fixed on ward-level machine politics in the cities, have been unable to penetrate.

In its first year, LEAP supported four legislative candidates. All won. In 1984, twenty of thirty-six LEAP-supported legislative candidates won, despite the greatest Republican landslide in state history. The coalition has grown to include twenty-three organizations, mostly unions but also a number of citizen action groups and environmental lobbies. Where LEAP has wanted to reach out to new constituencies it has in some cases created special interest PACs.

Women have played a critical role in LEAP from the outset, and several of the coalition's "flagship" legislative candidates have been women. LEAP legislators, both male and female, have played an important role over the past several legislative sessions as advocates for reproductive rights and pay equity bills.

While the state's established feminist organizations—the National Organization for Women and the National Abortion Rights Action League—have supported and in some cases worked for LEAP candidates, they are not formally part of the LEAP coalition because they have their own political programs. However, LEAP has spun off two women's rights groups, the Women's Issues Network PAC, which contributes to feminist legislative campaigns; and the Women's Caucus, which serves as an advocate of women's issues within the LEAP coalition and has occasionally lobbied the State Legislature.

Most of Connecticut's black communities are not organized into citizen action groups, so there is no established base for LEAP candidates. There are several reliable black progressives in the General Assembly, but like many urban liberals, they are more connected with the regular Democratic Party or with older reform networks than LEAP. LEAP helped run two unsuccessful mayoral campaigns by Bridgeport's most prominent black politician, Charles Tisdale, and has involved itself somewhat more successfully in a few municipal races in Hartford, which has the strongest community organizations among Connecticut's three largest cities.

Connecticut's established civil rights groups—the Urban League and the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, whose chair is a Republican — are not members of the LEAP coalition. Several of its labor union constitutents, however, such as New England Health Care Workers District 1199, are very active in civil rights issues. Last year LEAP formed a new affiliate, the Civil Rights Action Committee, specifically designed to involve minority candidates. The committee's director, Norvel Goff, was recently elected majority leader of Hartford's City Council. This past October, the Puerto Rican Political Action Committee, an independent Hispanic group in Hartford, joined LEAP.

LEAP asks candidates looking for support—whether a career politician with a reform bent or an issues activist seeking office for the first time—to fill out a lengthy questionnaire describing their experience and positions on subjects from plant closings to abortion rights. Candidates are then interviewed by a committee. When the coalition makes endorsements, an activist background is as important as correct stands on issues. "If one person has a 100 percent voting record but no history of advocacy, and another has 85 percent but is an effective activist, we'll take the 85 percent," says LEAP president John Flynn, a regional director for the U.A.W.

Once a candidate has been endorsed, LEAP focuses on providing quality technical assistance rather than PAC funds. Candidates are invited to workshops where they develop concrete skills such as public speaking and campaign-time management. LEAP helps draw up sophisticated campaign plans and gives advice on fund raising. For a handful of the coalition's most prized candidates, or for efforts in districts regarded as especially vulnerable to a progressive challenge, LEAP will provide a full-time staff member or campaign manager.

Most important, LEAP is an organizing vehicle for volunteers, drawn from the ranks of LEAP's constituent groups. Thanks to LEAP, for instance, the 1984 campaigns for state representative of Miles Rapoport, former director of

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the Connecticut Citizen Action Group, and Lynn Taborsak, former state coordinator for NOW, each involved over 300 volunteers, an unheard-of level for a campaign in Connecticut's small Statehouse districts.

LEAP has managed to avoid many pitfalls similar organizations face. With the single exception of Moffett's campaign, the coalition has so far focused on a long-term strategy of gradually gaining seats in the General Assembly and in municipal offices, instead of running highly visible but doomed challenges for the state's highest offices. LEAP has maintained its commitment to issues even at the risk of alienating some of its constituents. Last fall LEAP lent critical support to abortion rights activists in the largely blue-collar and Catholic community of Bristol, where a local clergyman had launched an antiabortion referendum.

LEAP has so far been most successful in Connecticut's medium-size cities and suburbs. In addition to aiding legislative campaigns, LEAP helped William Collins, the progressive mayor of Norwalk, regain his seat after losing it in 1981; the group has also been instrumental in mayoral contests in other municipalities.

But LEAP is not without problems. The state's three largest cities, Bridgeport, Hartford and New Haven, which have the greatest concentrations of Democratic voters, have remained regular Democratic strongholds despite several attempts by LEAP candidates to win important municipal offices.

Ironically, the greatest challenge to LEAP has come not from the right but from Moffett, one of the coalition's oldest and closest friends. Before running for Congress in 1974 Moffett founded and directed the Connecticut Citizen Action Group, now a key member of the LEAP coalition. Moffett helped organize LEAP and has boosted the campaigns of several LEAP candidates.

Moffett's effort to run for governor proved problematic for LEAP. He was challenging a well-known incumbent at a time of great prosperity for the state and a budget surplus of $365 million. And Moffett is driven by a personal ambition that has sometimes interfered with his political commitment and judgment. He has also seemed at times uncomfortable with his activist image. In the early stages of his campaign, he told reporters that he hoped voters would perceive him more as a fiscally prudent banker than a liberal advocate.

Moffett tried to reassure progressives with his appointment of LEAP's original director, Marc Caplan, as campaign manager and with a steady barrage of press releases excoriating O'Neill for his lack of action on such issues as infant mortality and mass transit. The LEAP board eventually endorsed Moffett—unanimously, though with several abstentions—and gradually assumed the central organizing role in the campaign. As LEAP gained influence, Moffett's public rhetoric sharpened.

But the campaign raised serious questions for LEAP, which the coalition's leaders mulled over privately. Could the group support Moffett's effort and still work effectively on legislative campaigns? Can progressives accept whatever compromises a gubernatorial candidate like Moffett chooses to make for the sake of his personal success? Can the sort of small-scale, community-based tactics that have been so successful in legislative districts work on a statewide basis? Could LEAP support Moffett without tying its entire future to his effort? Such dilemmas are endemic to the left's participation in electoral politics. But they remain questions worth considering.

The most important lesson of the Moffett defeat for LEAP and Connecticut progressives is the difficulty of moving grass-roots activism into the back rooms of Democratic Party politics. The state's election law gave the decisive power to longtime party insiders, particularly Democratic town committee members in Connecticut's 169 towns, who chose convention delegate slates. In most cases LEAP's constituents had little influence on that inside track. Many town committees are openly hostile, sometimes even fronting primary challenges to LEAP-supported incumbents.

Despite the drain on LEAP's resources and the division among allies, executive director Nick Nyhart believes the unsuccessful Moffett campaign was a positive step for the coalition. "It forced the Governor to deal with issues he had

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NATION REPRINTS

The Selling of Miss Liberty

The article that broke the story. Roberta Brandes Gratz and Eric Fettmann reveal how major corporations, under the direction of Lee Iacocca, took over the statue restoration for publicity and profit, mismanaged the project and excluded the American public. *(November 7, 1985)*

K.A.L. 007: What the U.S. Knew And When We Knew It

This issue raises serious questions about the U.S. role in the downing of Korean Air Lines Flight 007. Author David Pearson's study argues that U.S. authorities at the highest level knew the airliner was off course much earlier than they have admitted, and that the questions raised by the official versions of the story can only be resolved by a Congressional inquiry. *(August 18/25, 1984)*

K.A.L. 007: Unanswered Questions

This issue brings our 1984 report up to date. With contributions by David Pearson, John Keppel and David Corn, it is the culmination of an intensive investigation. The authors analyze new Japanese radar data, discuss a Nation Institute-sponsored review, by aviation experts, of the final airline transmission and describe the government's efforts to obstruct investigation. *(August 17/24, 1985)*

Central America

This special issue on Central America offers a strong refutation of Reagan Administration views. Highlighted by Walter LaFeber's overview, William LeoGrande's analysis of the domestic political fallout and Peter Davis's compelling firsthand report on the Nicaraguan revolution, the issue is one of the most urgent, informative and important in *The Nation*'s history. *(January 28, 1984)*

Reflections on a Glass House: The U.N. at 40

Nine scholars and activists provide an examination of the United Nation's achievements and failures. They assess the organization's role in disarmament, Middle East negotiations and in relations between the developed countries and the Third World. A much-needed rebuttal to U.N. opponents' arguments. *(September 21, 1985)*

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ignored for years, it drew out more activists into electoral politics, and it demonstrated what progressives can do even without support from elected officials."

Throughout the campaign, LEAP's leaders attempted to guard against an ever-more-likely Moffett loss by preparing an independent and ambitious legislative strategy for November to be implemented regardless of the outcome of the gubernatorial challenge. The coalition expects to endorse twenty incumbent legislators and twelve newcomers. The majority of the new candidates are alumni of LEAP constituent groups or previous LEAP campaigns. Their ranks include a former toxic-waste activist, two veterans of District 1199 and Moffett's former political director. In addition, LEAP is working to defend several incumbents such as State Representatives Taborsak and Irene Favreau against challenges from their own party and from Republicans.

Regardless of the outcome of these races, LEAP has already changed the political landscape of Connecticut. And around the country, other citizen action groups, running up against the limitations of community organizing in a hostile political climate, have initiated electoral projects. Nationally, about twenty coalitions similar to LEAP have sprung up in the past five years, some with nearly as great an impact. The Illinois Public Action Council played an important role in the elections of Chicago Mayor Harold Washington and Senator Paul Simon. In Iowa, Senator Tom Harkin was so impressed with the efforts of Iowa Citizen Action on his behalf in 1984 that he urges candidates around the country to follow the model. Citizen action–labor coalitions helped elect City Council members in Ohio.

Nyhart feels that the most important debate for LEAP will come in the next few years. As more and more LEAP candidates succeed, Nyhart says, "people will grow concerned about our role in the Democratic Party. We'll have a lot of input into the shape of the party, as opposed to being just an outside, dissenting force." □

Racists

(*Continued From Front Cover*)

flage outfits posed with their right arms aloft for so long that they had to prop them up with their left ones. What drew all three networks plus CNN, *The Times* of London, the Toronto *Sun* and every major newspaper and TV station in the region to a rural gathering of racist groups with small and, according to most observers, diminishing memberships? Mostly the notoriety of the Order. Its founder, Robert Jay Matthews, started out in 1983 running off counterfeit bills in the print shop here at Butler's hideaway. He died in December 1984, in a spectacular fire fight with Federal agents on Whidbey Island in Puget Sound. Over the year and a half that followed, about twenty-three of his comrades were tracked down, captured and convicted; eleven confessed and ratted on the rest.

Eric Scigliano is an associate editor of The Weekly *of Seattle.*

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Because white supremacists were shaken and in some cases driven away by the Order's troubles, the parson canceled last year's meeting of the congress, which he has hosted at Hayden Lake since 1981. This year Bob Miles and David and Deborah Dorr, the pleasant, capable young couple who manage Butler's security and public relations, prevailed on him to put on the show, and open it to the press, once again.

Up the driveway and past the "Whites Only" sign pace guards carrying automatic rifles and wearing the Aryan Nation's blue uniform and insignia—an upended sword topped with a crown and crossed by a swastika-like sideways Z. Other dour types in civvies, bearing sidearms and remarkable knives, keep a stern eye on outsiders. None of this is surprising. What is surprising is the number of people I meet who speak to the "Jewsmedia" with earnestness or self-deprecating good humor. I find myself liking them until they start talking about the subjects close to their hearts. A pious fellow from Houston speaks gently about how his research forced him to accept the facts: the Jews have conspired since Talmudic days against the Christians, and the Holocaust was fabricated to cover up the "Christian Holocaust" of Allied atrocities against Germany. A double feature on Saturday night propounds this cherished tenet of the movement.

Another young man, from the Berkshires, says he's preparing to move to the Northwest to escape "the territorial imperative of the Jews." They're buying up all New England for their exclusive vacation preserve, he complains. "I'm a fish in a pool of barracudas." Two strapping surfer types from Las Vegas grumble about the "oppression of whites" in the United States. I ask how they've been oppressed. "A white boy can't even wear a Nazi uniform out in the street without being hassled," one replies. He's wearing a printed T-shirt I've seen before and taken as ironic: "Adolph Hitler European Tour 1939-45."

The Nazis stand at the extreme end of the rhetorical spectrum here, and they strut about with the most bluster. But their ideology conflicts with that of some of the other groups in the movement. The Identity churches, a collection of sects founded by Butler's mentor, Wesley Swift, in Los Angeles in the 1940s, derive from the older mythology of British Israelism. Their premise is that the modern Aryans, non-Jewish Europeans, are the true descendants of the ancient Israelites, hence of Adam and Eve, and are the bearers of all that's noble in the world. Jesus was of course an Aryan ("Jesus Christ Christian"), not a Jew. The Jews are bogus Israelites, descended from Cain, who, contrary to Genesis, was born not of Adam and Eve but of a fling Eve had with the Serpent. Cain's children, the proto-Jews, fled into the woods, mated with the beasts and produced the nonwhite "mud" races. The Nazis, however, declare that the Israelites are in fact the ancestors of the Jews and the source of all evil. No resolution of this doctrinal division seems imminent. But Butler promises that it won't stop the various factions from working together.

Identity preachers like Butler are given to citing Revelations rather than the Gospels. They seem to invoke Chris-

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tianity mainly to establish distance from the Jews. A few Odinists, believers in the Norse gods, are said to be at the congress, and agnostics and atheists are welcome. "Ours is a faith in a way of life, beyond any particular religion," says Butler. "The bottom line is a common belief in the white race." Other races elicit contempt, often couched as sympathy, from the self-proclaimed "racialists," who keep insisting they are only white separatists, not supremacists.

Theology is not the only subject on which Butler and company depart from the conventional right, as represented by Jerry Falwell and Billy Graham. On issues of national security the white supremacists agree that communism is bad, mostly because it's the Eastern branch of the international Jewish conspiracy. It was, they explain, concocted here in the United States by the Jewish-banker puppet masters, who smuggled Trotsky, Lenin and the rest of the gang across the World War I battlefields to overthrow the Czar. Foreign wars and the arms race are wasteful shams, these preachers warn. "When the nuclear exchange comes, it will be white men who will die, not Africans or Chinese," thunders Miles. "We want no part of it!" Nor of Central American adventures, according to Butler: "It is wrong to send one citizen from this country for any reason except to save others of our race from attack by the heathen."

Butler, a retired aeronautics engineer, is stiff and shy. Miles, a former insurance executive, has the genial manner of an ideal high-school principal, although he did six years in the Federal pen at Marion for blowing up school buses when Pontiac, Michigan, desegregated. He shakes his head at the violent "excesses" of some in his movement, and remembers not to talk about "mud people" and ZOG, the Zionist Occupation Government of the United States—two influential terms he's propagated in the Identity lexicon. As he leads the cross-burning, Miles turns to the press and declares, "Those who burn crosses on the lawns of people they don't like are traitors, and usually not affiliated with any true organization of whites." The next day, Sunday, someone burns a cross on the lawn of a black woman in Seattle.

Privately, Miles tells of how he became good friends with American Indian activist Leonard Peltier, Puerto Rican separatist Rafael Miranda and members of the Black Liberation Army and Moorish Temple when they were all together at Marion. "The left and we had the same experience," he recalls, adding that the only partisans he can't stand are John Birchers, who include too many ex-F.B.I. agents and don't come down on the Jews.

Miles says he has no use for government ("Call me an anarchist, fine!") or for bourgeois morality. "Our church believes in multiple-partner marriages," he says, with a twinkle in his sexuagenarian eye. So did the Order; Robert Matthews reportedly kept families in Washington and Wyoming. "There's going to have to be a change in the nature of the family," Miles declares. Then his wife, Dorothy, who waited through his years in stir, calls him away.

I manage to buttonhole William Pierce, another prominent thinker in the Identity movement, who was a physics professor at Oregon State University and still looks the part. His main claim to fame is *The Turner Diaries*, his novel which tells of a select Aryan cadre called the Order that launches a guerrilla war against the United States, beginning with counterfeiting and ending with nuclear blackmail. Robert Matthews's real-life Order seemed to be on this road. I ask Pierce about L.J. Davis's assertion, in an article in *Harper's*, that *The Turner Diaries* "killed" Robert Matthews. "I worried about that myself," he says, with apparently sincere solicitude. "I knew Bob. I talked to his widow afterwards." (Deborah Matthews is here at the congress, but she's not talking to the press.) "She said he decided to do what he did before ever reading the book. That's a bunch of crap that he was following a blueprint."

Pierce keeps working at fiction; meanwhile, he's busy establishing a community in the mountains of West Virginia, a place he likes because "there's less meddling with people than in other states, land is cheap, the economy is depressed, and the population is not mixed except in a few cities."

Pierce says that "a healthy lifestyle ought to involve manual labor for everyone," and he laughs nervously when

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I recall Mao's similar homilies. I'm struck once again by the attraction so many in the far right and beyond-right feel toward holistic and naturalistic practices traditionally associated with a very different ideological set. "The right wing should have seized upon the environment as a cause, instead of letting the left steal it," Miles says.

Not getting shot is the first step in a healthy regimen. "I have cautioned our members repeatedly not to take on the Federal forces," Pierce says. Butler preaches now about "a battle for the minds of men" rather than more literal combat. Violence, Miles proclaims, is the way of the establishment, not the movement. "It is their sexual completion. Stay away from it!"

Such exhortations are pragmatic rather than philosophical, however. No one publicly urges the Aryan Nationalists to follow the short path of the Order. But Butler plays tapes and reads letters from its imprisoned members, who are referred to as fallen heroes and "prisoners of war." He says serenely that the movement just keeps on growing, and he claims that seventy-five to eighty active Identity congregations have drawn "at least 18,000 to 20,000 members," plus "a quarter of a million who are acquainted with it." That's at least triple outside estimates of membership. Kootenai County Undersheriff Larry Broadbent has made nearly a full-time career of keeping tabs on the local extremists. He says Butler's following is down from a peak of no more than seventy-five in the nearby counties four years ago. "Now, if he's lucky, there are thirty-five. It's particularly down since 1983, when all the violence started. His average church attendance is down to twelve or less."

But Leonard Zeskind, research director of the Atlanta-based Center for Democratic Renewal, (formerly the Anti-Klan Network) avows that the broader Identity movement "is doing very well." Its more militant sects such as the Klans and Aryan Nation have dwindled—but more and more they've come to consist of hard-core zealots.

Butler reports that this year's congress drew a record 417. According to Broadbent, fewer than half (and fewer than in 1982) were "Aryan warriors"; the rest were children and women, who, as a couple of women in the compound told me, are decidedly second-class citizens in this club.

The danger of violence rises, in the view of some authorities on extremist movements, not when their hopes and numbers swell but when they shrink, and frustration explodes. That seems farfetched here, at least for the aging gurus of the white separatist churches. But then there are always loose screws. Last Christmas Eve in Seattle, Charles Goldmark, a prominent Democratic attorney, and his family were brutally murdered by David Lewis Rice, a troubled ne'er-do-well. Rice heard loose talk about Goldmark's father, a Washington legislator falsely Red-baited in the early 1960s. He confused the son and deceased father and embarked on a mission to "get the top Communist."

Assistant U.S. Attorney Gene Wilson sees the essential danger of the far right in "sporadic instances of violence . . . rather than anything organized like the Order. Other people loosely connected to groups and loosely connected to reality are influenced by the writings and speakings to do something like what David Rice did."

Will those who come to Butler's party stay to contribute to the 10 Percent Solution? Not likely. For one thing, notes Broadbent, the employment opportunities in Kootenai County and most of the rural Northwest are just too meager. The 10 Percent Solution is an inspirational rather than a realistic goal, Butler admits. "So many of our people have to put up with such misery. They need a dream." Sort of what Zion was for all the Jews who couldn't get to Palestine? "Yes, very much so," the Aryan pastor concurs. So extreme American anti-Semitism attempts to appropriate not only the Old Testament and the House of David, but the dream of Zion as well. Suddenly I'm struck by an idea of what lies at the root of it: jealousy. □

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THE HAPPY MAN. *By Donald Hall. Random House. 79 pp. $12.95. Paper $7.95.*

DREAM WORK. *By Mary Oliver. Atlantic Monthly Press. 90 pp. $14.95. Paper $8.95.*

To the New England poet, the book of nature must be a dense text. For here is landscape on a relatively intimate scale yet lettered with complexity—the dramatic seasons, the extraordinary variety of wildlife, the press of domesticated and wilderness terrain against each other, the adjacent spread of meadow, elevation of mountain, depression of ditch. It is a land dense with a history legible in its gravestones, and a moral literature that includes the luminous sermons of Emerson, the witty and grounded parables of Thoreau, Dickinson stitching her subversive prayers and Frost stubbornly making sentences in the woods and pastures of loss. "Every natural fact is a symbol of some spiritual fact," announces Emerson. "Nothing gold can stay," concludes Frost.

In Donald Hall's resolute New Hampshire as in Frost's, a daily round of farm life and village life occupies the foreground while wilderness within and without recommend a constant vigilance. Hall is wonderfully writerly in the way that some painters are painterly, favoring a longish meditative line in the vicinity of pentameter by which he can render the materiality of his subjects tenderly, stroke by stroke. He paints scenes with the reverent earthliness of a Dutch master, getting all the textures right. He is especially adept at weather, and paints time as well as space:

> After two weeks of heat pressing on sweetcorn—
> haze dropping on hay, opaque air—this morning wakes
> cool with a bright wind, and the mountain
> clear, Kearsarge blue under transparent
> running air, cold rapid energy sharp as pitchforks.
>
> ("Twelve Seasons")

I love the slowness of those opening rhythms yielding to quickness, the sensuous aspirates and assonances of "weeks," "heat," "sweetcorn," "haze" and "hay" transformed to the crispness of "cool," "clear" and "Kearsarge," of "transparent," "rapid," "sharp" and "pitchforks." Sound is this poet's medium as pigment the painter's.

At the same time, one hears the biting worldliness of the Latin poets behind his voice as behind Frost's, and more than ever in this book. The title of *The Happy Man*, Hall's ninth volume of poems and his first since the remarkable *Kicking the Leaves* (1978), is something of a trick, a noose. For the book's epigraph is from Tolstoy, who described himself as "a man happy and in good health, hiding the rope in order not to hang myself . . . no longer shooting, lest I should yield to the too easy temptation." Mortality is a constant in Hall, and *The Happy Man* continues the last book's motif of a farmer grandfather's solid old age; a father failed and dead at 52; a son, the witness, come to dwell in the grandfather's house. But where *Kicking the Leaves* was elegiac, this book begins to grapple with monsters: fear, guilt, despair. In the long central poem, "Shrubs Burned Away," a middle-aged man sits with his bottle, daydreaming "to build the house of dying" much as Lawrence felt he must build the ship of death, only without the romantic afflatus. The man's desolate memories braid with a woman's—his wife, a stranger? Drained by the failure of others, the inadequacy of self to perform the duties of love,

> We take comfort in building this house which does not exist,
> because it does not exist, while we stare at the wrist's
> hair, drinking Scotch in a yellow chair.

In "Merle Bascom's .22" we see how anyone may be subject to the impulse Anne Sexton called "wanting to die." Having missed a curve at seventy, headed toward a stone wall, Merle Bascom finds "joy fired through my body." A good pun. Afterward he leaves the firing pin of his father's handsome Mossberg .22, a lifelong possession, safely with a friend in Boston: "I cannot throw it away; it was my father's gift." The gift of fathers to sons is the bitterness and joy of death.

Of several powerful and expansive poems on nature's cycle and man's lifespan, my favorite is the magical "Great Day in the Cow's House." The day is a kind of judgment day, for the seven huge Holsteins Hall describes "are long dead." The day is also "great" because it lasts a year, and, perhaps, because existence is:

> Now it is warm, late June. The old man strokes
> white braids of milk, *strp, strp*, from ruminant beasts
> with hipbones like tentpoles, the rough
> black-and-white hanging crudely upon them.
> Now he tilts back his head to recite a poem
> about an old bachelor who loves a chicken named Susan.
> His voice grows loud with laughter and emphasis
> in the silent tie-up where old noises gather.

At the end the old man is found by his neighbors,

> his head
> leans into the side of his last Holstein;
> she has kicked the milkpail over, and blue milk drains
> through floorboards onto the manure pile in the great day.

The device here is one of focus. We view the bucolic through the zoom lens of a mortality which is maybe, after all, immortality.

Besides the impressive large poems in *The Happy Man*, there are several charming short ones, like the ink drawings of an accomplished painter. Here in its entirety is the trickily entitled "Couplet," subtitled "Old Timers' Day, Fenway Park, 1 May 1982":

> When the tall puffy
> figure wearing number
> nine starts
> late for the fly ball,
> laboring forward
> like a lame truckhorse
> startled by a gartersnake,
> —this old fellow
> whose body we remember
> as sleek and nervous
> as a filly's—
> and barely catches it
> in his glove's

Alicia Ostriker is the author of Stealing the Language: The Emergence of Women's Poetry in America *(Beacon). Her new book of poems,* The Imaginary Lover, *will be published by the University of Pittsburgh in the fall.*

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tip, we rise
and applaud weeping:
On a green field
we observe the ruin
of even the bravest
body, as Odysseus
wept to glimpse
among shades the shadow
of Achilles.

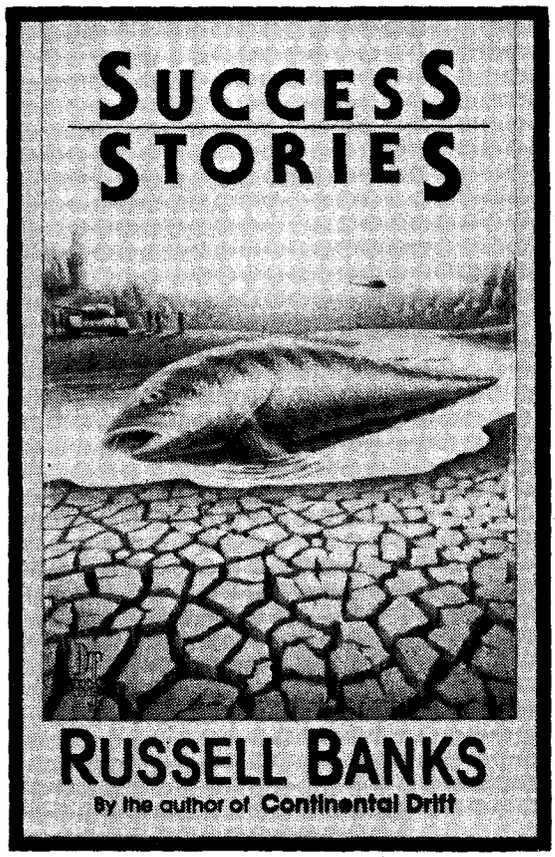
A master's hand is present in light touch as in grave: the poem is a single sentence, holding coupleted youth and age, joy and grief, life and art, our America and Homer's Greece, deftly capped with its absurd and poignant rhyme.

Where Hall's line is classically conversational and descriptive, Mary Oliver's is intensely lyrical, flute-like, slender and swift. Where he gathers detail, she will fling gesture. Her poems ride on vivid phrases: "the click of claws, the smack of lips" outside her tent turns out to be a bear's "shambling tonnage" in "The Chance to Love Everything." In a poem about an oncoming storm emblematic of human disaster, "the wind turns/ like a hundred black swans/ and the first faint noise/ begins." She dreams the memory of past lives in the Amazonian landscape of "The River," a poem of the soul's birth and rebirth:

Once among the reeds I found
a boat, as thin and lonely
as a young tree. Nearby
the forest sizzled with the afternoon
rain.

Behind Oliver's New England is Ohio—not the sorry Ohio of James Wright, but a frontier still untouched by cultivation and corruption, where you enter to find "your place/in the family of things," with a real hope of success if you work hard. Woodland and marsh are Oliver's kingdom, animals and plants her kin and alternative selves. There are some dazzling poems of deer, bear, geese, turtle, of trilliums and sunflowers. She is as visionary as Emerson, and is among the few American poets who can describe and transmit ecstasy, while retaining a practical awareness of the world as one of predators and prey, "the rapacious/plucking up the timid/ like so many soft jewels."

Quite a number of the poems contain advice that is both right enough and rooted enough to be called (it's an old-fashioned term) wisdom. "Dogfish," the opening poem of *Dream Work*, describes a dogfish with its chin "rough/ as a thousand sharpened nails," coming in on the tide:



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And look! look! look! I think those
little fish
better wake up and dash themselves
away
from the hopeless future that is
bulging toward them.

And probably,
if they don't waste time
looking for an easier world,

they can do it.

"One or Two Things" hovers between the mobility of a butterfly and the poet's own immobility, which feels to her like an iron hoof she can't lift from the center of her mind unless she has "an idea." The poem concludes:

For years and years I struggled
just to love my life. And then

the butterfly
rose, weightless, in the wind.
"Don't love your life
too much," it said,

and vanished
into the world.

Dream Work, coming after Oliver's 1984 Pulitzer-Prize–winning *American Primitive*, is an advance on her earlier writing in two ways, which are probably connected. Formally, her verse feels increasingly confident, smoother, and thus bolder—the work of someone able to take risks, take corners faster. At the same time she has moved from the natural world and its desires, the "heaven of appetite" that goes on without much intervention or possibility of control, further into the world of historical and personal suffering. In a half dozen or so poems she sketches a past burdened by trauma and breakdown, the temptation to die, the resolution to recover, the actual work of insisting on sanity: "I began to take apart/the deep stitches/of nightmares." In one poem the poet makes herself walk away, though the night is wild, from voices crying "Mend my life!" In another she is building a larger house, a daily labor.

She confronts as well, steadily, what she cannot change. In the climactic piece of *Dream Work*, a meditation on the Holocaust, there are two adjacent pictures linked by a half-refrain. "Oh, you never saw/such a good leafy place" introduces an anecdote about meeting a fawn while walking with her dog; neither fawn nor dog knew "what dogs usually do," so they "did a little dance,/they didn't get serious." Then the line "Oh, you never saw such a garden!" brings a new picture, a Jamesian scene of a hundred kinds of flowers, cool shade, garden furniture and a man peacefully finishing lunch and lifting wine in a glass of "real crystal"—but "It is the face of Mengele." At the end of this poem the people have gone and the doe enters, sniffing the air where her fawn has been: "Then she knew everything." In her own garden of knowledge Mary Oliver moves by instinct, faith and determination. She is among our finest poets, and still growing. □

Pomp and Circumstance

EDWARD W. SAID

Reading the brief but intelligent article on festivals in Grove's *Dictionary*, you become aware of the deep divergence between premodern music festivals as symbolic rituals connected with religion and agriculture and modern music festivals as commemorations of great composers or as commercial and tourist attractions. From the great theatrical festivals of fifth-century Athens to the druidic Eisteddfod and the thirteenth-century Puy in France, the first type has now receded into a dim anthropological past. The second type is very much with us, too much so. With a few exceptions, its extraordinary proliferation and degradation have further weakened a musical life that seems to be getting more disablingly eccentric as time goes on.

Modern musical festivals began during the nineteenth century as worshipful commemorations of great composers—Handel, Mozart, Bach, Beethoven and, later, Wagner. Wagner's Bayreuth Festival, which opened in 1876, was unusual in that it was originally planned as a revolutionary celebration, not as a monument to the high bourgeoisie and its authorized cultural memory. In a review of Wagner's letters, Thomas Mann noted that the composer's intention was to

> proclaim the necessity of putting a torch to the whole of bourgeois civilization along with its commercialized theatre industry. In the wake of this fiery cleansing, an isolated enthusiast here and there (like [Wagner] himself) might summon together the survivors of this despicable world and ask them: "Which of you would like to help me put on a drama?" Then only men of truly disinterested motives would come forward, since it would no longer be possible to make money out of the enterprise. They would then gather together in a rapidly erected wooden building to show people what art really is. . . . The building was to be placed on a hill, a temple of art visible for miles around. The people would come together from the four corners of the land to be edified by a beauty pure and sublime. Only the most sublime works were to be given, in productions of the very highest standards.

After the sublime performances ("with no charge for admission, of course") the project would end, and the theater would be torn down.

No such thing happened. By the end of the nineteenth century, Bayreuth was a place of social pilgrimage—Proust's unworthy Odette, not a knowledgeable music lover at all, irritated Swann by wanting to attend and to rent one of King Ludwig's castles as a nice place to stay—and by the 1930s the festival had become a symbol of the 1,000-year Reich. When it was reopened by Wilhelm Furtwängler in 1951, with a cleansing performance of Beethoven's Choral Symphony, it was quickly established as the standard by which all performances of Wagner are measured. Directed by Wolfgang and Wieland Wagner, Richard's grandsons, Bayreuth attracted such major conductors as Hans Knappertsbusch, Andre Cluytens, Karl Böhm and, more recently, Pierre Boulez. If performance standards have slipped in recent years, the festival nevertheless remains an extraordinarily durable and expensive one; to get in during July and August for a complete *Ring* cycle (no easy task) is to incur ticket and hotel expenses in the thousands of dollars.

Salzburg's Festival, begun in 1877, is no less durable, expensive and mortuary, although the charms of little Mozart—who in his day seemed to detest nearly everything about the place: its notables, its horrid *Gemütlichkeit*—have been superseded by the Mercedes-like power and efficiency of Herbert von Karajan, the General Music Director of Europe. Although Salzburg

Edward W. Said is a professor of English and comparative literature at Columbia University. His book After the Last Sky, *with Jean Mohr, will be published by Pantheon in the fall.*

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is still supposedly dedicated to Mozart, other composers (Verdi, Strauss, Beethoven) are represented there, all herded under the driven and totalizing personality of von Karajan, who once dreamed of preparing productions of fifty operas in a central European location and then sending them forth to tour the world. Bayreuth and Salzburg both conform to the pattern of festivals expressing the special aesthetic and political personality of one ego; others are Menotti's at Spoleto, Britten's at Aldeburgh, Menuhin's at Bath, Serkin's at Marlboro, Casals's at Prades and San Juan.

Such festivals often suffer from atrophy, or the kind of traditionalism that is associated with dictatorships and cabals. The alternative, however, festival-by-committee, usually works no better. The most common type of summer festival is essentially an extension of an orchestra's or opera company's regular season. Some are more blatantly commercial than others. In Vienna and Munich the so-called summer opera festival offers exactly the same set of works, with most of the same performers, as the winter repertory—but at considerably higher prices, pegged to the gullible tourist's dollar. Mostly Mozart in New York is a catchall which includes bits and pieces of the winter season but at somewhat lower prices (and performance levels), whereas Ravinia and Tanglewood are routine prolongations of the orchestra seasons in Chicago and Boston, respectively, translated to "rustic" settings, with the same extremely mixed results. The rest of the major festivals—the Maggio Musicale in Venice, Santa Fé, Aix-en-Provence, Lucerne, Glyndebourne, to name a few—fall somewhere between these two types. Their claim on the public, apart from their attractive locations, is based largely on their reputation for a distinctive and meticulous excellence.

It is certainly true that a great musical experience can occur at one of these festivals, and that a spectacular setting can enhance the enjoyment of routine performances. My only Bayreuth experience occurred in 1958, and so stunning was the impression on me of those ten days that I have never wished to return for fear of spoiling it. And for about twenty years, until 1976 or so, the Baalbeck Festival in Lebanon was wonderful to visit, set in the great Roman ruins of the temples of Jupiter and Bacchus in that eastern Lebanese town, now a Shiite militia center and detention point

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for various hostages. But I wonder whether festivals, even at their very rare best, can offer anything more than isolated moments savored and recollected in tranquillity. At their customary worst, they provide performances bathed in an entirely misleading light, that of an extraordinary occasion whose intimidating glare allows skillful but sometimes routine going-through-the-notes to pass for inspired and dedicated music making.

There are now so many summer music festivals that aesthetic rationales for them seem to have been discarded entirely. Check the listings in *The New York Times* and you will find at least fifteen festivals in the New York area alone. One gets the feeling that ambitious impresarios and directors try to fill out the year by stuffing the dead summer months with programs designed to convince consumers that they are getting something special, while allowing musicians new occasions for engagements and income. Is there a big festival today that doesn't feature Alfred Brendel or James Levine or Emanuel Ax or Christopher Hogwood? You might be lucky enough to hear a marvelous recital by, say, Murray Perahia at Aldeburgh, which can be anchored aesthetically in the musical and pedagogical performance practice created there by Benjamin Britten and Peter Pears. But what are you to make of a performance of Beethoven's Third Piano Concerto at Tanglewood by Seiji Ozawa and Brendel when you know that Brendel will perform the same piece a week later at Edinburgh with a different orchestra and conductor but in more or less the same way, and that Ozawa will conduct it next season much as he did last in Symphony Hall? There seems to be nothing festival-like in such performances, even if you allow for indifferent acoustics, inordinately high ticket prices, heat, bugs and a seven-hour drive.

Music for the multitudes, someone will mutter; or music in a charming locale; or music performed at a restful time, inside a withdrawn or informal or massively concentrated framework. Perhaps. But consider the following. First, there are virtually no festivals whose aim it is to bring contemporary music into sharper relief. All successful festivals today are essentially reconsecrations of the mainstream mid-eighteenth- to early twentieth-century central European tradition. Some, like Tanglewood, do have an estimable component of contemporary work, but these concerts seem to be curtained off from the main crowd-drawing events: the big performances of Beethoven and Brahms, and the occasional but laudable curatorial attempts to perform rarely heard works (Weber's *Oberon* in its original English version this season at Tanglewood) for a large audience. Big names are what count, plus relatively familiar repertory.

Second, the acceleration in the number of performances has had the effect of diminishing the aesthetic and augmenting the socially significant dimensions of the playing. (Mostly Mozart runs for almost two months, on nearly every night of the week.) These occasions do provide an opportunity to hear a large body of work during a musically arid season. But it is the spectatorial, the acquisitive tastes of the metropolitan crowds that sustain summer festivals. Most people go to them for a few concerts, the way they go for walks in a city park; rarely if ever does anyone, except the reviewing staff of the big daily newspapers, attend a festival from start to finish. The pedagogical point of scheduling large swatches of repertory by a single composer is lost. Instead, we get the musical equivalent of a weekend outing.

In his excellent book *The Painting of Modern Life: Paris in the Art of Manet and his Followers*, T.J. Clark describes the emergence of a middle-class habit of experiencing nature in the suburbs at a time when growing and hyperorganized cities like Haussmann's Paris were beginning to dominate their inhabitants' lives. The irony, as recorded by the painters of the 1860s and 1870s, is that even during these outings, industrial life would make an appearance, for example in the smokestacks and rail lines of Manet's suburban paintings. In turn, Monet and others chose to focus on weeds, streams, trees, as if deliberately to ban industry, to re-experience nature unnaturally, at close quarters. In this cycle of suburban "landscapes arranged for urban use," of the Sunday outing celebrated as "a ritual of bourgeois identity," Clark detects the appearance of "leisure as a great symbolic field in which the battle for bourgeois identity was fought."

No less than the realistic painting of Paris's environs, music festivals took hold in the second half of the nineteenth century as part of that mode by which, according to Clark and Thorstein Veblen, leisure became performance. To go

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to Bayreuth meant not only to admire Wagner but to be able to spare the time, to travel a fair distance, to stay away from home and routine, and, above all, to expect a better-than-average performance of music one could certainly hear at home in less expansive circumstances. It also meant experience in music that, like all difficult art, requires the luxury of special attention and effort. Nowadays, the intimidating and even authoritarian aspects of the early festivals have been overwhelmed by the sheer attention-getting expense of having star performers playing star works, day after day after day. Roger Vaughan says in his recent biography, *Herbert von Karajan*, that in 1983 the Salzburg Festival dished out the following sums:

> For *Fidelio*, it was reported that $110,000 had been spent for costumes; $280,000 for sets. For *Così fan tutte*, $140,000 for costumes; $305,000 for sets. The totals reported were $500,000 for hair and wardrobe; $1 million for lighting; $2.65 million for administrative and technical personnel. The 147 year-round personnel at the Festspielhaus consumed $3.6 million. Maazel received $50,000; Sawallisch $40,000; Levine $100,000. Karajan reportedly received $11,000 per evening for conducting, and $20,000 for producing. The soloists shared $1.75 million. Each of the Vienna Philharmonic's 147 players was receiving $7,500. The total festival subsidy was around $6 million.

Not even von Karajan would suggest that such sums of money guarantee commensurately fine performances, or that the spirit of Mozart and Beethoven requires so astonishing an outlay of wealth. Half a million for "hair and wardrobe" highlights the stars, who perform before an admiring audience that can then flatter itself that being at Salzburg, pleasantly cowed into accepting display in lieu of musicianship, is better than not being there. In other words, the festival is a structure of alienation by which highly specialized musicians, hairdressers, lighting technicians, etc., distance themselves from the public, which "consumes" music rather than makes it.

At festivals, then, the music is mostly subordinated to the occasion. Norms for "live" performance are borrowed from the spectacle and from the recording. As Adorno says in his aptly titled essay "On the Fetish-Character in Music and the Regression of Listening," when it is excellent, "the performance sounds like its own phonograph record." A long series of performances, such as those at a festival, are like many records in one's library—available, accessible, ready for instant use. Festivals at which teaching and new compositions occur are therefore quite rare. The great summer courses at Darmstadt after the war, when Stockhausen, Boulez, Cage, Berio, Steuermann and others came together, are now a thing of the past.

I would not want to imply that festivals are bad, or that all musical performances there are flawed, tawdry and somehow unworthy of serious attention. Certainly, as I shall explain in a subsequent article, there are some worthwhile festival concerts to be heard. But festivals and the music they present cannot be divorced from the social circumstances in which they occur. Whether at Salzburg, Lincoln Center or Santa Fé, musical performance has been streamlined, essentialized, pared down in all sorts of ways to suit the consumer's ear and pocket—as well as, it might be added, the daily reviewer's commentary. As for the music festival as Wagner intended it at Bayreuth, or as Nietzsche described it in *The Birth of Tragedy*, that is now almost as difficult to imagine as it is to experience. □

THEATER.

MOIRA HODGSON

Pepsico Summerfare Festival

Whenever I hear that some enterprising director has jumped in the deep end with a "controversial new interpretation" of a classic, I feel, to paraphrase Mayakovsky, like reaching for my gun. So Hamlet's soliloquy may be delivered by a Hell's Angel on a motorcycle, or Tosca's *suicidio* sung from under a hair dryer. Does that cast a new light on the work at hand, or is the director simply granting himself the license to turn a classic upside down?

A British director who mounted many productions of Shakespeare (the most frequently martyred author of all) at the Old Vic and Stratford, took a radical position on this question thirty years ago. "Can we have a work of theatrical art which is at the same time a distortion of the author's intention?"

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Hugh Hunt asked. "The answer is, of course, yes; just as we can have a fine portrait which bears no resemblance to the sitter."

Peter Sellars, the iconoclastic young director who is now head of the American National Theatre at the Kennedy Center, has, to his intense pleasure, been compared with a vandal running through the Rijksmuseum slashing old masters. His production of *Così fan tutte*, staged at the Pepsico Summerfare Festival at the State University of New York at Purchase in July, is set in a diner and turns what was considered Mozart's most frivolous opera into a dark and disturbing meditation on love. (An earlier version was given two years ago at the Castle Hill Festival in Massachusetts.)

The libretto, by Lorenzo da Ponte, concerns two couples who switch partners as the result of a bet. In Sellars's version, Don Alfonso is a Vietnam vet who owns a seaside diner in which his girlfriend, Despina, cooks, cleans and waits tables; Fiordiligi and Dorabella and their respective boyfriends, Guglielmo and Ferrando, are regular customers. Reagan invades Nicaragua, and the young men pretend to join the naval reserve, only to return disguised as "leaders of the Albanian fashion scene," clad in sunglasses, painted T-shirts and baggy trousers, wittily designed by Dunya Ramicova, which look more like Avenue A than Albania. The women recognize their boyfriends and a dangerous game begins, egged on by Despina and Don Alfonso. Soon Dorabella has slept with Guglielmo and Fiordiligi and Ferrando discover that they have fallen in love.

The first act is comic, with many TV gags, including Despina disguised as Dr. Ruth, but the second act, as Sellars puts it in his program notes, is "a dry-eyed, unsentimental meditation on perdition of almost unbearable precision" and ends with the six people whirling about the stage in confusion. "The opera ends as they scream the words 'beautiful calm' against gale-force turbulence in the orchestra."

The set, designed by Adrianne Lobel, is a sleek parody of a diner: bright green formica booths, mini-juke boxes, red and yellow plastic squeeze bottles on the tables, and bathrooms with peruked Mozartian silhouettes on the doors. Ferrando delivers his aria "*Una aura amorosa*," in which he meditates that man has need of no better food than love, while gazing into a brightly lit display case of garish cakes. Like a pop star in a Las Vegas nightclub, Guglielmo descends into the audience to sing about the flightiness of women ("*Donne mie, la fate a tanti*") as he picks out females to join him in the spotlight. Despina's two arias about the vagaries of men end in bursts of tears, and Don Alfonso, popeyed and balding with his hair in a pony tail, schleps around the diner with a whisky bottle in his hand, occasionally punctuating his singing with a ring from the cash register.

The singers do not have big voices, but Sellars's is not the bombastic operatic style. The performances are subtle, intelligent and expressive, and the players move beautifully about the stage, even if their gestures are sometimes a little mannered and overchoreographed. Susan Larson (Fiordiligi), Janice Felty (Dorabella), James Maddalena (Guglielmo), Frank Kelley (Ferrando), Sue Ellen Kuzma (Despina) and Sanford Sylvan (Don Alfonso) are all remarkable and work together with an unusual ease and cohesion.

The Boston Early Music Festival Orchestra, directed by Craig Smith, plays admirably. By keeping the singing in Italian and using period musical instruments in a daring modern context, Sellars's version of *Così fan tutte* is both exhilarating and moving, a deep response to Mozart's ambiguous text.

Sellars's unhappy lovers can be compared with those in Liviu Ciulei's Summerfare production of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, originally performed at the Guthrie Theater in Minneapolis. This version would have hardly done as an entertainment on a wedding day (scholars have suggested that the original was written as part of the festivities for the marriage of the Earl of Southampton's mother), as it emphasizes the temporary nature of love, "which alters when it alteration finds," and plays up what Jan Kott calls Shakespeare's "dark sphere of bestiality." Ciulei is familiar with Kott's essay on Titania and the ass's head in *Shakespeare Our Contemporary*, which so influenced Peter Brook's landmark production of the play for the Royal Shakespeare Company a decade ago. Kott is duly quoted in the program notes: "In the violent contrast between the erotic madness liberated by the night and the censorship of day which orders everything to be forgotten, Shakespeare seems most ahead of his time."

When Ciulei's lovers are reconciled after Puck's mix-up, they glance at each other uneasily, trying to remember what

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And robins, which tumbled so lately from the nest
to tremble under the hemlocks are floating, drifting,
learning to track the worm's slow exodus.

Already the sun approaches its zenith. Soon
each day will again be less than the last.
Finally the hedge itself enters into the glory,
grows milky with stars whose fragrance thrills
the bees. Butterflies flicker like signal lights.

At night the opossum mounts a billowy frond
and sways as if bewitched. Voles twitter and
twitch at its base, nibbling crisp shoots.
And someone stepping out on the porch for a moment
into the scented shade, feels a gust of wind
on her face, as if she has just plunged into the wake
of something rushing past in the dark.

Jane Flanders

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terrible things have happened. Their love can never be quite the same again, or quite sure. Titania, who has gone after the monster Bottom with all the lustful purpose of a gin-soaked heroine from Tennessee Williams, lets out a desperate howl when she discovers her mistake.

There are no sequined eyelids, magic wands or gossamer fairies prancing about to Mendelssohn in Ciulei's version of Shakespeare's play. (In addition to Kott, the program notes quote Sartre, Jung, Beckett and Schopenhauer.) Instead we get a Puck who belongs in Puffy's bar—not so much Oberon's slave as his irritating butch kid sister. Titania has Tenaxed hair and a black nightie, and she sleeps in a bower that looks like the landing pad from *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*. She delivers some of her best lines to a pounding score, not by John Williams but by Philip Glass. (The Summerfare festival seems to have bought the latter's music at a bulk rate; it reappears sounding very much the same in Schiller's *Die Räuber*.)

While Peter Brook's version had a pristine white setting, red is the color of this set—a shiny, voluptuous red which darkens to black in the forest. The costumes are red, white or black flowing nylon or cotton. There's some heavy symbolism when the Amazon queen, Hippolyta, is forced to throw her black fatigues on the coals and put on a nice white dress for Theseus, played by Jeff Weiss, who, along with Peter Francis-James as Oberon, has the best Shakespearean delivery in the cast. A bottle of wine is knocked over, forming a sinister blood-red stain on a white tablecloth—twice. But all this sexual innuendo is redeemed by the comedy of Bottom and the workmen and their brilliant rendition of their play, which they perform before the court only to find, when they return for their curtain calls, that the hall is empty. All nudge nudge, wink wink, the court has gone—to bed.

Alfred Kirchner's production by The Company of the Bochum Schauspielhaus of West Germany of Friedrich Schiller's *Die Räuber* is also set as a dream sequence—in this case, a military cadet's nightmare. Schiller wrote the play at the age of 20, while a student at a military academy in Stuttgart. The action unfolds as cadets rise from their beds in a dormitory.

Die Räuber was one of the first great melodramas, and despite its unlikely plot and occasional awkwardnesses, the play had an enormous impact when it opened in 1782: "complete strangers fell sobbing into one another's arms," according to a member of the first-night audience. French revolutionaries took up the theme of "the world's turned upside down" and made Schiller an honorary citizen. But they seemed to have missed the point. Like Raskolnikov in *Crime and Punishment*, the hero, Karl Moor, discovers that by putting himself outside society's justice (i.e., by committing murder), even in the pursuit of greater freedom, he creates neither freedom nor justice. Coincidentally, in the novel Raskolnikov is called "a real Schiller" for being such an idealist.

The evil Franz Moor, his lips curled in a perpetual sneer, conspires to have his brother, Karl, disinherited. Karl, the idealist, becomes a rather prim Robin Hood, who takes off to the woods to lead a band of robbers. His fiancéer, Amalia, is played by a man who wears a dress and socks but no wig.

The other actors all wear a mixture of period and modern clothes; they have glossy whitened faces, white perukes, tricornered hats and leather-patched breeches; they travel around in a beat-up camper with plastic windows and four-wheel drive. You keep waiting for Tina Turner and Mel Gibson to appear. Is this Schiller or Mad Max?

The role of Karl is said to be a test piece for German actors, the way Hamlet is for English-speaking ones. But he is lost in the tumult of this production, and Franz comes across much more forcefully, altering the balance of the play.

The Bochum Schauspielhaus has a distinctive style: knockabout, radically interpretive ensemble work, with a random sampling of the avant-garde, from the ubiquitous Philip Glass to Pina Bausch. Kirchner has given the play moments of comic relief, the timing is good and there are some wonderful visual effects. But in general I found this approach to Schiller overwrought, and the production sank under the weight of its own innovations.

By contrast, there were no tricks or gimmicks in Andrzej Wajda's *Crime and Punishment*, one of the more exhilarating evenings I've spent in the theater for quite some time. That's not to say it wasn't hard going: we sat on wooden benches in a small dance lab and listened to a monotonous translation through earphones while peering at

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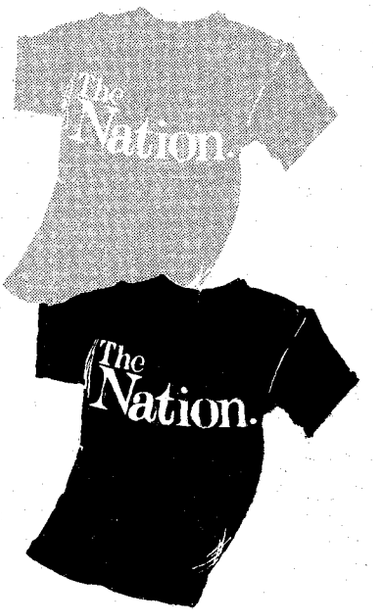

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the partially obscured actors through the grimy windows of the set, which was divided into three suitably drab rooms.

The Stanislavsky tradition, in which the Stary Theatre of Cracow is rooted, asks the audience to believe it is witnessing life. And, indeed, with this production I felt as though I were eavesdropping on actual events. Jerzy Radziwilowicz, who played the lead role in Wajda's film *Man of Marble*, gives a remarkable performance as Raskolnikov, smiling with terror and bottled hysteria. Jerzy Stuhr, the contemptible reporter in Wajda's *Man of Iron*, is even better. As the investigator, Porfiry, he conveys reason and intelligence mixed with cunning; here is man well fed and humane, who has no sleeping demon within him.

In Wajda's hands Dostoyevsky's novel becomes a play of ideas advanced by the exchanges between Raskolnikov, Porfiry and Sonia, the prostitute who tries to help Raskolnikov. From the beginning the audience knows that Raskolnikov has murdered the old pawnbroker. The question here is his motive and the morality of his deed. Raskolnikov tries to justify the murder by arguing that his victim is contemptible and he is a superior human being. Before he kills the old woman and her sister, Raskolnikov writes a paper outlining his theory. Says Porfiry, who might have been speaking for the entire twentieth century, "If you had thought up some worse theory . . ."

The direction is cinematic: when, after toying mercilessly with Raskolnikov, Porfiry finally accuses him of murder, we cannot see Raskolnikov's face. He is sitting on a sofa with his back to us; the focus is on Porfiry. But at the end of the play, when Raskolnikov makes his confession, the grimy windows have been removed. We are no longer given a partial view, the evidence is presented to us as though this were a courtroom and we were the jury.

A retrospective of Wajda's films was also offered at the Summerfare Festival, as were performances by five dance companies, plus (not yet seen at the time of this writing) Billie Whitelaw in three Samuel Beckett plays and the Druid Theatre Company in J.M. Synge's *Playboy of the Western World*. Not the least interesting aspect of the festival is director Christopher Hunt's effort at thematic coherence in the programming. Thus, to go with the *Sturm und Drang* of Schiller (the archetype of drama against which Mozart was reacting with *Così fan tutte*), there was a marathon of Haydn concerts. This monthlong festival, which takes place less than an hour from Manhattan, provided some of the most varied, stimulating and provocative music, theater and dance to be seen on the East Coast all year. □

LETTERS.

(*Continued From Page 130*)

tive division to view a new videotape on conducting interviews and interrogations. The I.R.S. staff was very excited about its new tape, which featured a lecture by a U.S. Army criminal investigator to a class of military policemen. My reaction to the tape—not shared by my companions—went from interest to disbelief as I watched the Army investigator explain how one can identify criminal types by the structure of the cheek bones, distance between the eyes, degree of eyebrow growth, composition of the nose and so on, all illustrated by large charts depicting typical criminal faces. I recall that eyebrows that do not separate but represent a more or less hairy continuum from one eye socket to the next indicated nefarious propensities. (My own eyebrows, I am ashamed to say, are connected.) The Army investigator, I suspect, must have obtained his data from twentieth-century adherents of Lombroso, of whom there are more than a few.

And the reactions of my companions, who had never heard of Lombroso? My boss was impressed. The detective commander wanted a copy of the tape. And the I.R.S. and the Army—shudder. *Robert D. Hicks*

SHAM TAX REFORM

New Paltz, N.Y.

The May 24 editorial denouncing the sham of Federal tax "reform" was courageous and right on target ["Reform for What?"].

With a bipartisan coalition backing the measure and precious little press opposition, the almost-flat tax seems perilously close to passage. The abandonment of the principle of progressive taxation at a time when economic inequality is worsening is perhaps the single most reactionary shift in social policy of the Reagan era. It is shameful that most of the liberal press and politicians as well as organizations like Citizens for Tax Justice have so crassly capitulated to the "flat taxers." *Barbara Ann Scott*

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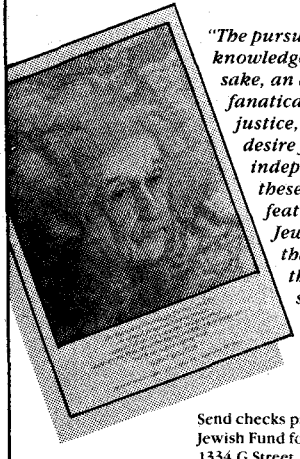

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Y	A	R	D	A	G	E	■	D	R	A	W	S	U	P
■	■	■	N	■	■	■	■	■	■	C	■	■	■	■
R	O	U	N	D	U	P	■	T	H	E	L	A	S	T
E	■	P	■	■	■	A	■	H	■	■	■	I	■	A
S	T	R	A	W	■	T	H	E	■	R	U	L	E	S
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O	R	A	T	I	O	N	■	P	R	E	C	E	D	E
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Crossword Puzzle No. 2114

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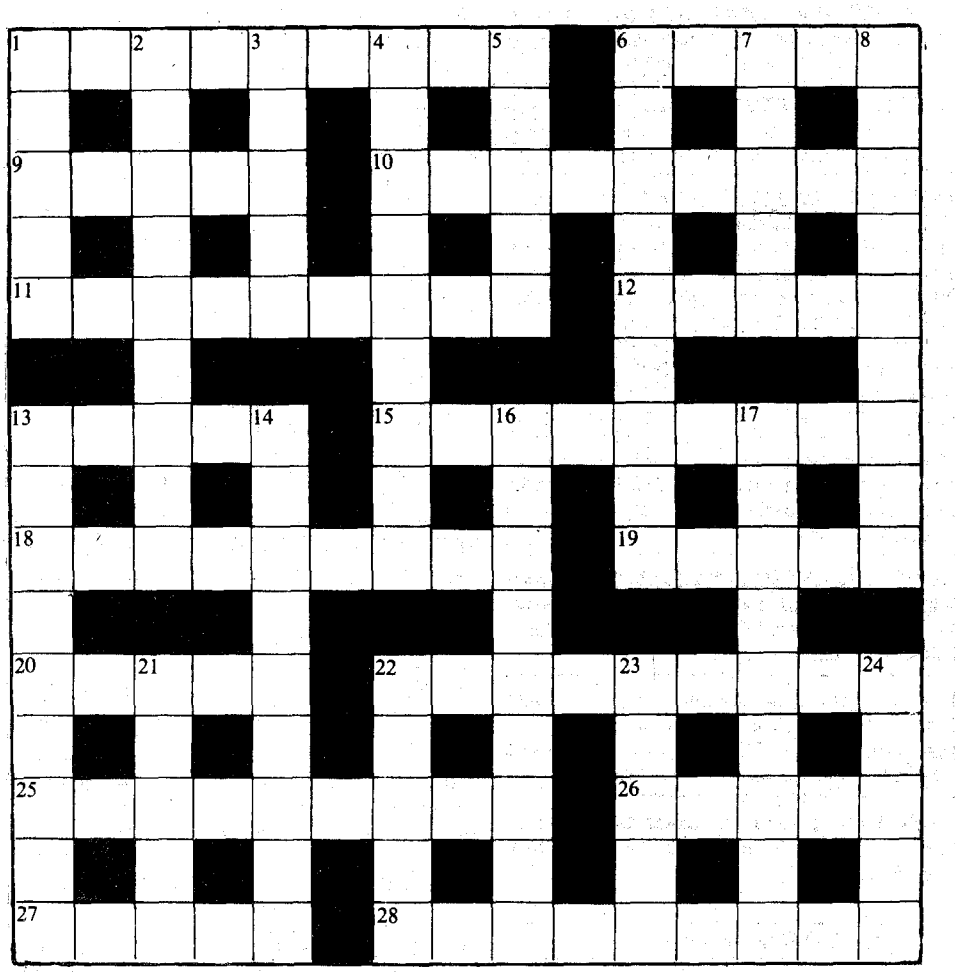

ACROSS

1 and 6 Those in the fast set who want to go straight might put this in order. (4,5,5)
9 It might be applied to a magazine for children. (5)
10 What the original gardeners did, just for the hell of it? (5,4)
11 The measure of a London truncheon. (Some things we have in back make a noise like a clock!) (9)
12 Edge along a badly composed slide? (5)
13 Rather rude people perhaps go thus without you, by the sound of it. (5)
15 Millwork treated such coins, come to think of it! (9)
18 The last word in what company might want to hear! (9)
19 and 22 down Jabs? (Might also be called "Bobby.") (5,5)
20 Circuit, alternately part of it. (5)
22 When they engage in a takeover, doesn't anyone take the chair? (9)
25 A good-looking taxi, one hears, but more suitable for Sherlock than Spade in hot pursuit. (6,3)
26 Little ones without mothers were told to get this in song. (It's certainly not a 19 combination.) (5)
27 An Egyptian god over there might be material, but not naturally so. (5)
28 Might be red, as seen in evening performances, usually. (9)

DOWN

1 and 13 Might have helped Cinderella make it home, dry. Go far from it, too! (5,9)
2 One honored by such might not be expected to appreciate them, but it's commonplace when one with a delicate air is around. (4,5)
3 Takes off from outhouses. (5)
4 What the worm-hungry bird should display. (9)
5 The impatient types sometimes insist they should be driven to it. (5)
6 A perhaps different translation in like circumstances leads to strong dislikes. (9)
7 Animal found in most of the land, obviously. (5)
8 Not only the banquet crowd might be used to such service. (6,3)
13 See 1 down
14 Sounds as though such might be made of a southern city, if not new. (Who wrote this? Oh! Pshaw! You've heard!) (5,4)
16 A peculiar musical offering, perhaps—or might it be three? (3,6)
17 One might consider this "briefly" this. (2,3,4)
21 If you're an old dancer, you might have got such a hug! (5)
22 See 19 across
23 You might send one to the 3 down—associated with "coach" in more than one way. (5)
24 Puts down John Henry, as they say—but one of them might say "Stop!" (5)

SEE LAST WEEK'S SOLUTION AT LEFT

X-523

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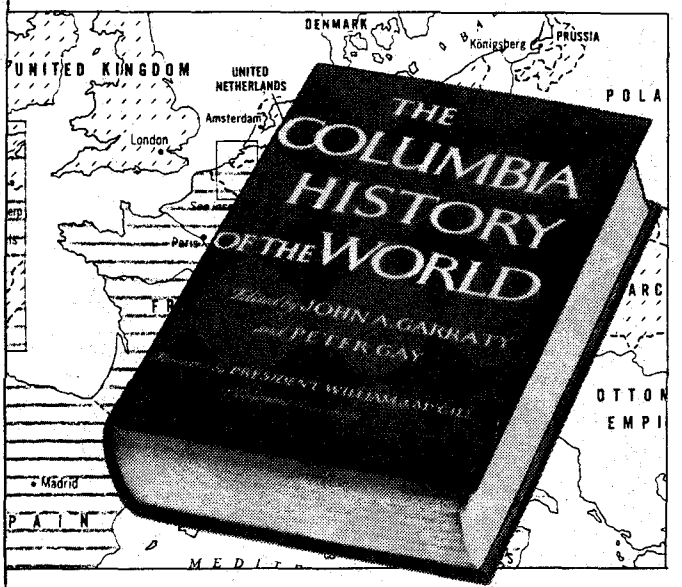

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